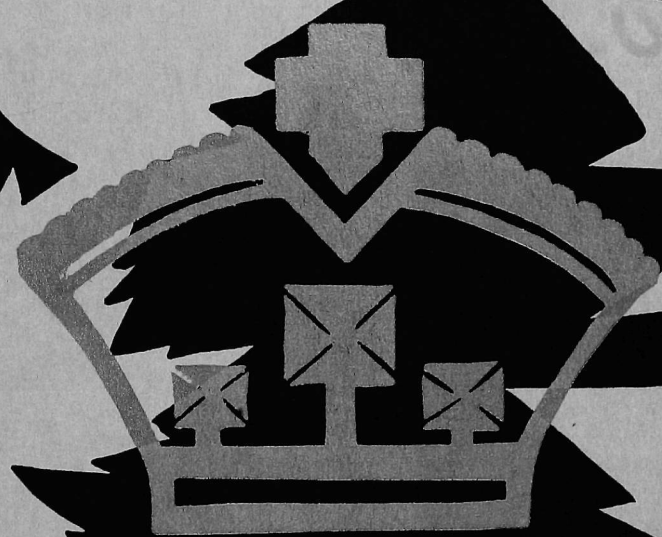


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# Coronation Number



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# 1937

# KING'S HALL MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

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1937







George, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain and Ireland, and the British  
Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.

George, by the Grace of God is King,  
Endlessly that line shall ring,  
Over land where bamboo grows,  
Right to where the pine-tree throws  
Great shadows on the frigid snows,  
Infinitely far.  
Unto all lands that line shall ring  
Saying George VI is King!

Realm of glory, may God bless thee,  
Empire where all men are free,  
Excellent, divine, supreme !

REA PEASE, Senior Matric.

# THE CORONATION

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IT is not necessary to give a detailed account of the Coronation—to the greater part of the world it is still a vibrant memory. But there are certain moments in that day which stand out in our minds.

Contrast the quiet courtyard of Buckingham Palace as the King and Queen entered the State Coach with the unrestrained excitement of the thronged streets.

Across thousands of miles of water we heard the King's voice, "These things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep. So help me God." Simple words, giving assurance of that traditional loyalty pledged by the King, and Empire.

Could we forget that first anthem, "Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon King, and all the people rejoiced and said, 'God save the King, Long live the King, May the King live forever'." For a moment we were carried back to the anointing of the first kings of the Old Testament.

We remember that small but rather charming incident when Princess Elizabeth leaned over and straightened Princess Margaret Rose's robe which was slipping from her shoulder. Then, standing on tip-toe, they again turned their eager attention to the ceremony.

We heard the loyal cheers that greeted Queen Mary; then, as the King and Queen appeared, that Royal welcome sounded in our ears, a welcome which was echoed loudly throughout the Commonwealth.

ELIZABETH HOLDEN  
FAY THOMSON



## EDITORIAL

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IT is with some qualms that we present this issue of our magazine, perhaps we have trodden on the toes of tradition. However, we considered that such an event as the Coronation called for a new and special cover. Our final selection is designed by Molly Greene. We also feel that Phoebe Anne Freeman's drawing of the King is worthy of mention as being an artistic asset to this edition.

In order to stimulate local talent we have held the usual series of weekly competitions. Perhaps owing to the fact that they now have a section of their own, the juniors won the form competition before it was well under way. We confess that this was rather a blow, but then "A little child shall lead them." Senior Matric was a close second.

From May 28th to June 1st the Old Girls will be in possession of the school, while its present inmates depart to their respective homes. We wish everybody the best possible time.

Though Miss Stansfield has nominally resigned her position as editor this year, she has not withdrawn her interest and support. We also thank the advertisers, friends and Old Girls who, by their financial assistance, made this publication possible.





THE LATE MR. JAMES MACKINNON

James Mackinnon, D.C.L., died in Sherbrooke on the 28th day of January, and with his death, King's Hall lost a staunch and well-beloved friend and supporter.

He was a well-known figure at the School which he frequently visited and his appearance was welcomed by all, pupils and staff, who looked forward to his invariably cheerful and kindly greeting.

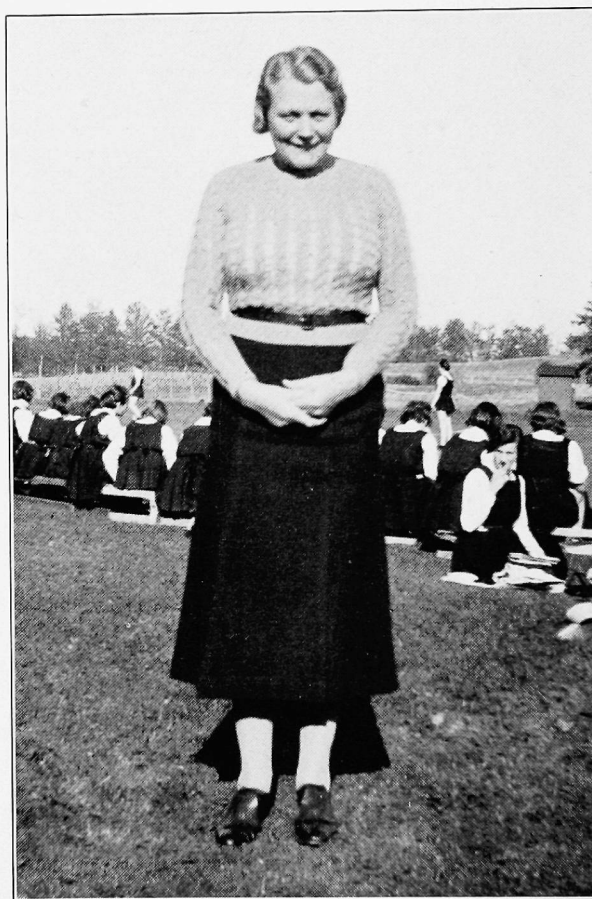
Always "young" in his outlook he met the pupils on their own ground with sympathy and understanding, and his wise counsel and measured judgment were always at the service of the Principal and her staff.

He was never too tired, never too busy to give his attention to any matter which concerned the welfare of King's Hall or its pupils, and to this interest may be attributed the success and the high reputation which the School has achieved.

Business meetings, school closings, entertainments and school dramatics were never complete without his presence.

His very special interest in school lands and buildings has resulted in the development of the school farm which will soon be known as a model farm estate.





MISS GILLARD

May 26th, 1937.

*Dear Girls :*

Another School year is drawing to a close, and this year, 1937, will hold a special place in our hearts and in our memories as Coronation Year. Those of us who listened to the broadcast of the Coronation could not but be impressed by that solemn oath in which our King pledged himself to the service of his God and his People to execute justice and to uphold righteousness, brotherhood and peace. Very few of us are called upon to fill a public position of great responsibility. Most of us are very ordinary people; we invent nothing and we make no great name for ourselves. However, it is quite impossible for human beings to live together without exerting

an influence on those by whom they are surrounded. This is a solemn thought and one which will appeal to many of you. We may not be pledged to public service: we may make no great name for ourselves. On the other hand we can live so that we spoil nothing. Truth and Justice, Decency and Honour, Loyalty and Love, Laughter and Joy—if these things have suffered no diminution at our hands, if we have passed them on to succeeding generations, intact, that is something, and we shall have helped to preserve in our small sphere of influence those qualities which our King has pledged himself to preserve in his greater sphere.

Yours affectionately,

ADELAIDE GILLARD.

# S E N I O R S

## TRACKS IN THE SNOW

The day was clear and cold, and the horizon was unclouded, but the man who was making his laboured way across the vast expanse of snow-covered tundra stopped frequently and looked about him anxiously, as if seeking for something. His face was hidden by the fur of his parka, but his eyes swept the white desert with a searching gaze. At last he found what he sought. Suddenly turning aside from the invisible trail he had been following he increased his pace, and, rounding a hummock, entered a small pine thicket with which he was familiar. Very often had this same thicket proved his salvation when a terrible blizzard had swept the barren plain. Beneath the hummock as it was, it provided shelter, and warmth was given out by the fire that he made of the dry branches. This time there was no blizzard on his trail, but he gazed apprehensively at the clear skyline before applying himself to the task of making camp.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sudra, the great white wolf of the Barrens, was hungry. Food had been scarce that winter, and, skillful hunter though he was, Sudra had been barely able to keep life in him. Seldom had he been free from the terrible gnawing pain in his vitals which goaded him into making long trips out of his accustomed hunting ground into unfamiliar country. For three days now he had gone unfed, and his bones showed under his loose hide so that he looked like a perambulating skeleton draped in fur. His eyes were dull, almost unseeing and even his nose, that unfailing friend, had lost much of its old ability. Hence, when he struck the trail of a snowshoe rabbit, one of the very few remaining, he was unaware of it

until he had crossed it. Then the message struck his brain; his nose, though slow, was still active and true. His eyes, that had been so dull, brightened, and his whole frame quivered. He sprang back to the trail, and began to follow it in swift leaps, for, though the crust was not strong, he had become so emaciated that it would bear his weight.

Soon he came to a small fir copse. Passing between two trees, he suddenly stopped. The trail had vanished. He circled back, following up the trail again, and still it disappeared when he came to those two trees. It was inexplicable. He used all his skill, circled back and forth, covering and recovering the same ground, but the trail had gone. With an angry snarl at his defeat, he turned to go on, the pain in his belly increased by the tantalizing smell of rabbit. Slowly he moved away, sorely puzzled, and his already evil temper made worse; while, up in one of those trees, Keewash, the great horned owl, held in his great talons the lifeless body of Mushwa the rabbit, and watched, with great yellow eyes, his disappearing enemy.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now the Spirit of the Barrens took a hand. The horizon, that had been so clear, clouded suddenly, and, without any warning, the wind swept down like a great knife, bringing cutting snow in its wake.

The man, huddled before his small fire, heard the coming whine and roar of the wind, and was thankful for the chance that had led him to turn aside. Sudra, slowly questing for a trail, heard too, and increased his pace. He knew what fate would overtake him if shelter did not appear. And Keewash, the owl, having devoured poor Mushwa, huddled closer to the trunk of

his tree, and turned his glowing eyes upon the storm with well-fed indifference.

Sudra suddenly stopped short. His hackles rose, and an ugly snarl rumbled in his throat, and lifted his lips, showing the white fangs beneath. He had struck a trail—and it bore the hated man-smell. He stood undecided for a short time, his snarls coming more frequently, and then his driving hunger and the coming storm drove him along the trail.

It was well marked, for it was but recently made, and Sudra's pace slowed and slowed, until he was creeping. Ahead of him rose a white hummock, and he sprang to its top in a bound. Then he shrank back upon himself in sudden, unreasoning terror, for below him was the creature whose dreaded trail he had followed. He looked out again. The man made no move; its back was turned to him, and its position, he saw, was unfavourable for it to spring. His hunger returned with redoubled force, and with a fierce snarl he leaped down upon his prey.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fierce Arctic storm was short in duration; but when it cleared away, it left no trail leading around the hummock; no trail over it; and it effectually hid what was on its south side. And Keewash, the horned owl, spread his great wings and glided on soft pinions to a certain pine thicket, where the wind was kept off by a hummock to the north.

OLWEN JONES, VI-B.

### A PARODY

We dwelt among the trodden ways—

We trod them down last week!

We had to walk five miles a day

And then we looked a freak.

A violet by a mossy stone,

We could not touch it. Why?

We could not leave the line alone;

We had to pass it by.

We walked alone, and few would know

If any ran away.

Miss Gillard always knew—and so

We thought we'd better stay.

MARGARET TURNEY, VI-A.

### ACCOUNTS

The room was very dark, although the sun was shining in the windows with an annoying cheerfulness—or so it seemed to Mrs. Brown. Seated at the maple desk in the corner near the windows, she looked out of them with a hopeless, glazed expression in her eyes. The desk before her was littered with papers, and the floor was not without its share of them.

With an effort, she recalled her mind to the most unpleasant task of the moment. Accounts! How she hated the beastly things! She dreaded the end of the month, when she must sit down and rack her brains, trying vainly to find out what had happened to a missing twenty-five dollars or so. The house knew it, too. It hated the monthly totting up as much as, or more than, she did. That was why the window shade, which usually flew up with a loud "snap!" when least expected, stayed decorously where it had been put; that was why the clock in the corner seemed almost to have stopped ticking, it went so softly—but not slowly! No, it ticked softly and busily on, frowning intently as it tried to hurry the minutes.

For a while Mrs. Brown worked on, each minute seeming more tense, more filled with suspense, than the last. Then, suddenly, she bent forward eagerly, with the same expression on her face as the scientist who discovered microbes must have had when he first saw them. Her pen scratched busily away. Presently she looked up, and, giving a tired but triumphant sigh, she pushed back her chair, and started to put things away, and tidy up the mess on the desk.

Instantly, the shade flew up with such a bang that she jumped; the old clock ticked away, getting louder by the second, almost smiling as his hands passed across his face; and the sunshine, which had almost given up hope of finding a way into the room, flooded it with glad light. Mrs. Brown had finished her accounts!

OLWEN JONES, VI-B.



## THE DEATH OF ROBIN HOOD

Bold Robin Hood on sick bed lay,  
 And near him little John.  
 "To Cousin Abbess, if I may,  
 I'll fast to her be gone."

Now he is in that lady's care,  
 Who him has pierced, and him  
 Locked in, where bleeds he mair and mair,  
 Till e'en his sight grows dim.

Now on his horn he blows blasts three,  
 Which barely hears his John.  
 To him he runs, breaks door to see  
 His master, almost done.

Him up John lifts, to window bears;  
 Hood feebly takes his bow,  
 Shoots arrow out, and says that where  
 It falls there shall he go.

To John says Robin, a'most spent,  
 "By Abbess am I slain,  
 But harm her not—she will repent.  
 God-speed". And he lay slain.

TONY BARKER, VI-B.

## THE MORNING RUSH

The first sound in the morning  
 Is the clanging of the bell;  
 If I jump up when I hear it,  
 Everything will be just swell.  
 But if I lie in bed and think  
 It would be very nice  
 If someone shut the window  
 Before I turn to ice,  
 I seem to fall asleep again—  
 Right to the land of dreams,  
 Then suddenly—the breakfast bell!  
 I'm late again, it seems.

I leap out of my little bed,  
 Grab my clothes, and start to dress,  
 Lose my tie and both my shoes—  
 The cupboard's such a mess!  
 Then I begin to wonder,  
 While rushing round the room,  
 What excuses I can give  
 To save me from my doom.  
 Then, tumbling down the stairs,  
 I find, in hasty race,  
 That, as I feared, all's quiet—  
 Someone is saying grace! -

B. B. FRASER, VI-B.



There was a young lady called Doubleyou,  
 Who went out of her way to befuddleyou.  
 This doing one day  
 She fell in some hay,  
 And was found in a sort of a muddleyou.

There was a young lady called Winkie,  
 Whose brain was decidedly jinky.  
 While bathing one day,  
 She got hit by some spray,  
 And a screw fell out, hinky-spinky.

BARBARA PECK, Jr. Domestic Science

Know you the lanes we love to follow,  
 In and around this country-side?  
 Nearby a nest where lives a swallow,  
 Granted a home in the trees by God,  
 Safe in his love for a time to bide.

How in the clouds the lark soars higher,  
 Already he's out of sight.  
 Lightly but clearly as the lyre,  
 Lives on his song in flight.

AUDREY KERRIGAN, VI-A.

BARBARA WILKES, VI-A.



## A DAY SPENT IN A REBEL PORT OF SPAIN

(A true experience)

We sat on the deck, watching the sunny land of Spain grow larger and larger. As we approached, green hills and small shrubs became distinct, and the blue-green water dashed against the brown rocks, throwing spray high into the air. Gulls soared overhead, swooping down suddenly to snatch some unfortunate fish venturing too near the surface. On the crest of the highest hill, among all the surrounding beauty, a large gray cannon was perched, its muzzle trained out to sea, making a sharp and horrible contrast. Gradually dwellings could be distinguished, some with red roofs, others all white, but one and all deserted, for the sons of the houses had gone forth to war, while the family in most cases had fled from the country.

An hour later our ship was approaching Corunna. As we steamed slowly into the harbour, the town looked menacingly quiet, and the very atmosphere seemed tense, while far away one could hear the boom of heavy guns. As the *Ordunna* dropped her anchor, several boats put out from the shore, two containing Spanish officials, and one large one bringing a disorderly crowd of refugees. The gang-plank was lowered, and the officials in grey cloaks, decorated with gold brocade, stepped aboard. No sooner had the refugees followed suit, than there began turmoil. One and all they snatched their bundles, and began pushing wildly, each one hoping to get somewhere more quickly than his companions. Several of the ship's cadets endeavoured to steer them into the first class, where they were eventually lined up to be questioned by the purser and the Spanish officials. Each one had his bundle searched, while those waiting continued to babble excitedly.

After lunch I went to my cabin, where, to my horror, I found a large and untidy Spanish boy, who, at the moment of my arrival, was occupied in searching my suit-case. Feeling weak at the knees I walked in.

"Please get out at once", I said, pointing to the door. This wasn't successful, so I tried again. "Scram," I shouted, but this did not seem to convey anything to him. So I rushed from the cabin shouting "Steward"! This brought immediate results, for the unpleasant visitor was removed quickly, and a little too forcibly for his comfort.

After tea, when all the wandering refugees had been installed in the third or "steerage" class, we went up to the sun-deck, to have our last view of Spain.

The sun was setting in the west, casting a pink glow on the tranquil water, while the beautiful town of Corunna lay quiet among the surrounding hills, across which slanted the last rays of the sun, making paths of hazy gold. But in spite of this peaceful and lovely scene, I was glad to be leaving Spain, for the town was menacingly quiet, and the very atmosphere seemed tense, while far away one could hear the boom of the heavy guns.

ELIZABETH BUTTERFIELD, VI-B.

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## THE NOISE CAMPAIGN

For weeks we have struggled  
With "shut ups" and "shushes",  
To lessen the din in the school.  
But still there are shrieks,  
And occasional rushes,  
In spite of this hard and fast rule.

Polite conversation  
At breakfast and dinner,  
Makes quite a remarkable noise.  
She who shouts in the hall  
Is perhaps a great sinner,  
But still she may bear it with poise.

But far in the future,  
When we have ascended  
To fame, and recline at our ease,  
We'll remember that day  
When our wild voices blended,  
And finally turned out as a wheeze.

FAY THOMSON, Matric.

## ULYSSES' SONG

As I was sailing on the sea  
I saw an island there;  
And, as I looked, I saw a maid  
Who combed her golden hair.

Her eyes were blue as skies at noon,  
Her cheeks were like the rose,  
And, 'neath red lips, and rounded chin,  
Her breast was like the snows.

A song as sweet as honey-dew  
Caressed my hearing—then  
I knew she was a siren dread,  
Who snared poor fools of men

With songs that would delight the soul  
And draw the eyes, until  
The feet went where the eyes would go—  
And the heart of the man was still.

So I closed their ears, and my men bound  
My body to the mast;  
And, while I heard the melody,  
The deaf slaves rowed me past.

OLWEN JONES, VI-B.

## THE FIRE

Down the busy street came the shrill shriek  
of the sirens.

"A fire! a fire!" cried a little boy, and dashed  
down the street dodging between the crowd.

"Gee! look at those flames", cried the same  
small person as he stood in the front row of a  
huge crowd. His eyes glistened and his small,  
dirty hands were clenched with excitement.

"If only the gang were here," he thought.  
"Boy, they would think this fire a whopper."  
Oh well, he could tell . . . . But his thoughts  
were interrupted by a sharp pinch at his elbow,  
and there stood the gang: Tim, Butch, Joe,  
Fishy, all of them. Now they would have fun!

The five boys stood in amazement, as the  
huge flames leaped around the frame building.  
They curled around the letters painted on the  
front of the building, which announced to the  
public that this was the "Hull Storehouse."

There was a crash. All five boys jumped back,  
and immediately pretended they hadn't. It was  
only the roof falling in, leaving the walls standing  
black and lonely in the flames. What a vivid  
picture it was, fit for an artist's brush. The  
crowd was painted by the colours of the fire,  
while their dancing shadows were reflected on  
the buildings around. The boys watched the  
firemen with disgust, as they stood hopelessly by  
with their dripping hoses. It was too late to save  
the building, and, as it stood a little distance  
away from the others, there was no danger.

Soon the roars of the flames died down, and  
the crowd began to disperse, but the boys waited  
till the last wall had fallen and only the embers  
remained to tell the tale.

To Mr. Hull, sitting in his office, the fire was  
a tragedy. But to five boys, trudging home, the  
fire had been the biggest event in their young  
lives.

MOLLY GREENE, Matric.

## A PARODY

"THERE WAS A SOUND OF REVELRY BY NIGHT"

(With apologies to Lord Byron)

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And our gang's capital had gathered then  
Her beauties without chivalry, and dim  
The lights shone o'er fair women and—a chicken;  
A dozen hearts beat happily, and when  
Voices arose with their voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked eager love at roast chicken,  
And all went merry as the marriage bell;  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a  
rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No, 'twas but the wind  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony road;  
On with the feast, let joy be unconfined,  
No sleep till morn, when youth and chicken meet  
To chase the glowing hours with things to eat—  
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
Hide! hide! it is—it is—the mistress' angry roar!

REA PEASE, Senior Matric.

## VALPARAISO

Valparaiso is truly an independent little city, for to this day it has retained, unlike most of the large South American cities, a style of its own. It is built on the side of a hill which slopes directly down to the sea and has a very good harbour. Although fitted with all modern conveniences, it has not cluttered up its streets with Americanisms. The mountains and hills are covered, not with cigarette and Ford car advertisements, as in Rio, but with beautiful multi-coloured flowers. These hills are almost unbelievable in their splendour, being utterly unlike anything to which the traveller is accustomed. For there are hills which are blue masses of flowers like large morning-glories; there are hills that are sunlight, so thick do the Alaskan poppies grow; and there are cliffs rising sheer from the sea that are a red blaze of climbing geraniums.

From the startling loveliness of these slopes one turns to see an oxen train—worn, foot-sore oxen, pulling a caravan-like cart, driven by a drowsy Chilian, sweating under a huge hat. This cart has probably come from the country and is going to market.

There are beggar children in Valparaiso, blessed with eyes so large and so brown, with such amazing fringes of lashes, that even the hardest heart could not refuse them. But the softest heart must steel itself against the wheedling Spanish murmurings, and the pleading Spanish eyes, for one child means many, and many mean a very blood-thirsty fight for the poor "peso" you have thrown thoughtlessly at the urchin's feet.

There are donkeys in Valparaiso of a soft, downy grey; fat, little donkeys with very long ears and pulling dilapidated carts in which a lazy master sprawls sucking a straw; or donkeys with large bundles of faggots on either side of their backs, who would surely fall asleep but for their owners who whack them continuously.

But the horses are not so pleasant a sight as the healthy donkeys. Fed, it seems, only once a week, their skin stretches tightly over their bony bodies; bodies with backs red and rotten with bites, blotched black with flies; horses who

are incessantly flicked with the whips of their masters, whose every step seems their last.

But there is an ocean by Valparaiso that is bluer than the sapphire, more sparkling than the diamond, which swirls around jagged rocks in geysers of foam. And, to change the subject abruptly, from this ocean come the world's best lobsters; one lives on lobster while visiting Valparaiso.

In all, it is a very satisfactory city. Even the discovery that the gorgeous red roses on which you have spent a fortune are dyed, and the fascinating wooden jewel box that the head waiter has begged permission to present to the senorita has been put on the bill, does not disillusion the traveller. He will always leave Valparaiso with a feeling of regret.

REA PEASE, Senior Matric.

## A WEARY LOT IS MINE

(With apologies to Sir Walter Scott)

A weary lot is mine, poor me,

A weary lot is mine!

To toil the live-long day to be

A rhymers of a line;

To sit alone and try to plot

A poem of the Spring;

And forced to borrow from great Scott

The rhythm of the thing.

O woe, for the lost rhyme,

My friends,

O woe, for the lost rhyme!

And what of Shelley, Keats and Pope?

Will they not rise and give

A fellow-poet the smallest hope

That I might die to live?

O that last line will surely wake

Great Wordsworth from the grave,

If love will not, then envy make

Him rise and bravely save

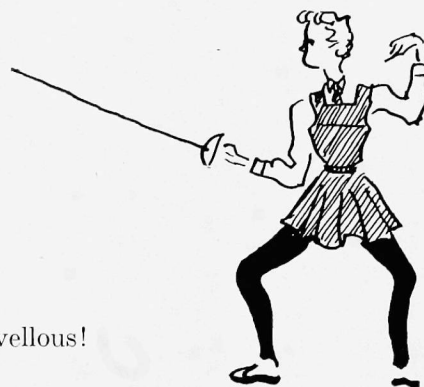
You from this halting rhyme,

My friends,

From reading this poor rhyme.

MOLLY GREENE, Matric.





## FENCING

What, fencing? How simply marvellous!  
 And right here at the school!  
 Oh, won't it be scrumptious fun  
 When we can fight a duel!

You say we must "pliez" our knees,  
 And raise our "main gauche" hand,  
 "Allongez" the other, then—oh, please!  
 How shall we ever stand?

I see, you "ouvrez le point du pied,"  
 And then you "fondez-vous,"  
 Oh my, that's fun. But oh, I say!  
 I do feel queer, don't you?

## THE MORNING AFTER

Oh, Room-mate dear, there's something wrong,  
 For I simply cannot wiggle!  
 My back's as stiff as an iron prong,  
 And it hurts to even giggle,—  
 But they say for the posture it's really sublime,  
 So I'll suffer in silence, and say, "I'm just fine!"

REA PEASE, Senior Matric.

Illustrations by PHOEBE ANNE FREEMAN, Matric.



## SACKING THE VILLAGE STORE

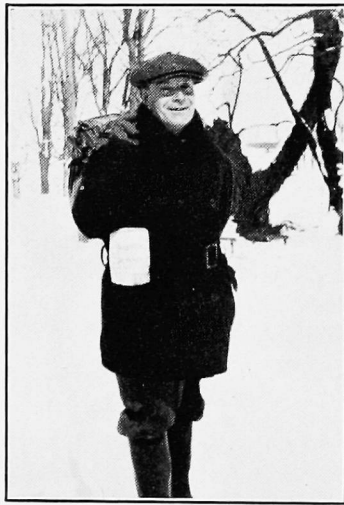
(With apologies to Browning)

You know we stormed a village store  
 A mile, or less, away.  
 On a little mound, the mistresses  
 Stood on our storming day—  
 With necks out-thrust (you fancy how!)  
 Eyes wide, as though to find  
 The girls that in the village now  
 Had gone some food to find.

When back we came in smiling joy  
 Holding our food erect  
 (The innocent act is being coy),  
 They hardly did suspect—  
 So hard the bundles were compressed,  
 That half the grub came through!  
 They looked twice, 'ere they saw the rest  
 Was hidden in each shoe (rubber-boots).

BETTY CATE, Matric.





JIMMY

## WHO

Brings our letters, mends the locks,  
 Paints the chairs and sets the clocks;  
 Ever smiles; is always sage;  
 Puts up curtains for the stage;  
 Makes a sword or crown or mace,  
 Folding-bed or fire-place  
 Or a house of solid bricks  
 To withstand the bad wolf's tricks?  
 He's a wizard with his hands:  
 Actors make such strange demands,  
 What is wanted for their use  
 Only magic could produce.  
 Who is this magician, then,  
 Whose skill is as the skill of ten?

WHY—IT'S JIMMY

## SUGARING

Ba gosh, to-day de sap she ron!  
 Please phone de school, mon chère,  
 An' tell de girls dat dey mus' come  
 For get de new la tire.

De winter she is pass' so queek,  
 Wit' de snow an' all de col',  
 Mon dieu, she's right dat man who speak  
 Dat "Time she fly", by gol!

## "IT IS STRANGE. . ."

One of my hobbies is the collection of poems and phrases that catch my fancy.

When Edward VIII acceded to the throne last summer it was an occasion which appealed to the British in everyone. In response to that appeal I wrote down proudly those noble words which begin: "Edward the Eighth, by the Grace of God . . ."

A few days later I came across a few lines. I think they are Persian, which seemed a strange mixture of words and rather meaningless. And yet they held some elusive mystery. I wrote them beneath those about the King.

Thus the page was completed: "Edward the Eighth by the Grace of God, of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India."



"I was not. I came to be; I was, I am not;  
 and who shall say more will lie; I shall not be."



It is strange—

REA PEASE, Senior Matric.

But now de birds is back from sout'  
 An' de grass is grow' so green,  
 De breeze so warm she make de mout'  
 Laugh at de pleasant scene.

And so I say, "Queek phone de school  
 And tell dem come toute suite,"  
 For de sap dis year is good as gol',  
 And, by gar, she's fine to eat!

REA PEASE, Senior Matric.

## KING'S HALL, COMPTON

1937

## JUNIOR EXIT EXAMINATION

(Please read each question carefully)

## PART I

I: Grammar and texts:

- (a) Who said the following and under what circumstances:—
- (1) Thanks frightfully, I have them just so!
  - (2) What the dickens is this wretched vegetation?
  - (3) I see you are doing a very foolish thing.
- (b) Write brief notes on the following:—
- (1) The blackboards.
  - (2) The phone-booth wall.
- (c) Give a brief synopsis of:—  
The "Year Dot".

II: Write an essay of not more than 150 words on:—

- (a) The prima-donna of the bath.
- or
- (b) The art of cultivating cat-appeal.

## A FLY

A trespassing fly got into our room,  
Attracted by light as a rook to a spoon,  
Winkie lept on a chair,  
With a murderous air  
And with towel raised on high  
She swotted that fly,  
Which fell on my bed in a swoon.

## PART II

I: General Information:

- (a) Who's singing "sweeps" Compton off its feet?
- (b) What big gun goes off on Sundays?
- (c) What animal appears on the road twice on Sunday and can be summoned by gum-chewing?
- (d) What time is 12:30 p.m. on Mondays?
- (e) What human timepiece resounds hourly through our corridors at night?

## PART III

I: Mathematics:—

- (a) Prove that  $10-10-2-3-5 = 3$  order marks.
- (b) A is 2 years older than B. Six years ago their ages were to each other as 5:6. How old will they be "40 years on"?
- (c) a = the French for "curtain".  
b = the man whom Wolfe defeated in 1759.  
c = the man who headed the Labour Party and became British Premier.

KHC

$$\frac{\text{KHC}}{\text{KHC}} = ?$$

$$(a + b + c)$$

(Reread your paper).

BARBARA HASKELL, Senior Matric.

ELIZABETH HOLDEN, Matric.

Winkie was not content  
As on murder she bent,  
She sprang to the ground  
And got ready to pound,  
She flew with the towel  
And a murderous growl  
To bang till the poor fly was spent.

BARBARA PECK, Jr. Domestic Science.

## COURAGE

The sound of laughter and gaiety faded away in the distance. The students had left for their summer holidays, and the lonely, grey buildings of Eton College looked down upon the two remaining graduates, and seemed to mock them. The young English lord solemnly shook hands with his foreign friend. As they parted, the German begged his companion to visit him in Germany that summer. They had been fast friends for many years, and this parting was an inevitable event, which had been much dreaded for the past few months.

\* \* \* \* \*

The canons roared unceasingly, and from time to time a shell would burst, perhaps killing several men. The Great War had begun. Men who had lived quiet, peaceful lives at home, were now engaged in the cruel slaughter of their fellow-beings. The Germans were having a dreadful struggle. The English Fifty-sixth Battalion was slowly driving back one of their divisions, but they fought on with never-failing courage and perseverance. A young German recruit, who had recently returned from Eton, was fighting in the trenches. He hated war, and often thought of the pleasant times he had spent in England.

Suddenly he saw a man climb out of the English trench and run with speed and determination towards an object in the middle of "no man's land." However, the man never reached his goal, for he was struck down half way there. The stricken man tried to crawl back to his trench, but he was too weak. The German had been intently watching this man, who somehow seemed familiar to him. Then in a flash he was out of the trench and running across "no man's land" to the aid of this fallen enemy. He knew the danger of going out there under fire, but he gave no thought to his own life. By some miracle he got to the fallen Englishman, and brought him safely back to the German trench. There, amid the jeers of his companions, he bound the wounds of the young English lord, who had been his inseparable friend at Eton.

Justice, prudence, temperance and fortitude are the four cardinal virtues, but the greatest of these is fortitude. MARGARET DAVIS, VI-A.

## OUR SATURDAYS

Every Saturday at four,  
We go knocking at VI-A door,  
There to sit and plough through books,  
Not of heroes or of crooks,  
But of statesmen, poets, men,  
And perhaps a guinea hen.  
Then Miss Huntley has to fuss  
At naughty little girls like us,  
Who at night refuse to hush  
And absolutely will not rush.  
Or simply will get out of bed  
In spite of what the teacher said.

Every Saturday night at eight  
We go knocking at the gate  
Of Miss Huntley's German-room,  
Which to us means tragic doom.  
Then we knit and write some more  
Which really is an awful bore.  
We love her ghostly stories so  
That to bed we hate to go.  
When we do, we dream all night  
Of each haunting ghastly sight.  
But if we turn as good as gold  
We'll miss being in Miss Huntley's fold.

B. B. FRASER, VI-B.

AUDREY ESLER, VI-B.

ELIZABETH STRONG, VI-A.

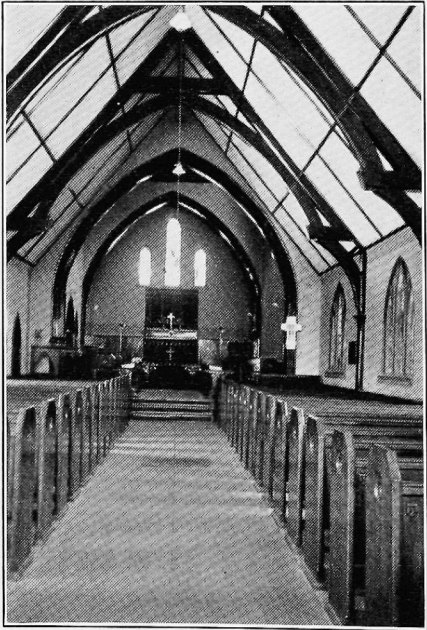
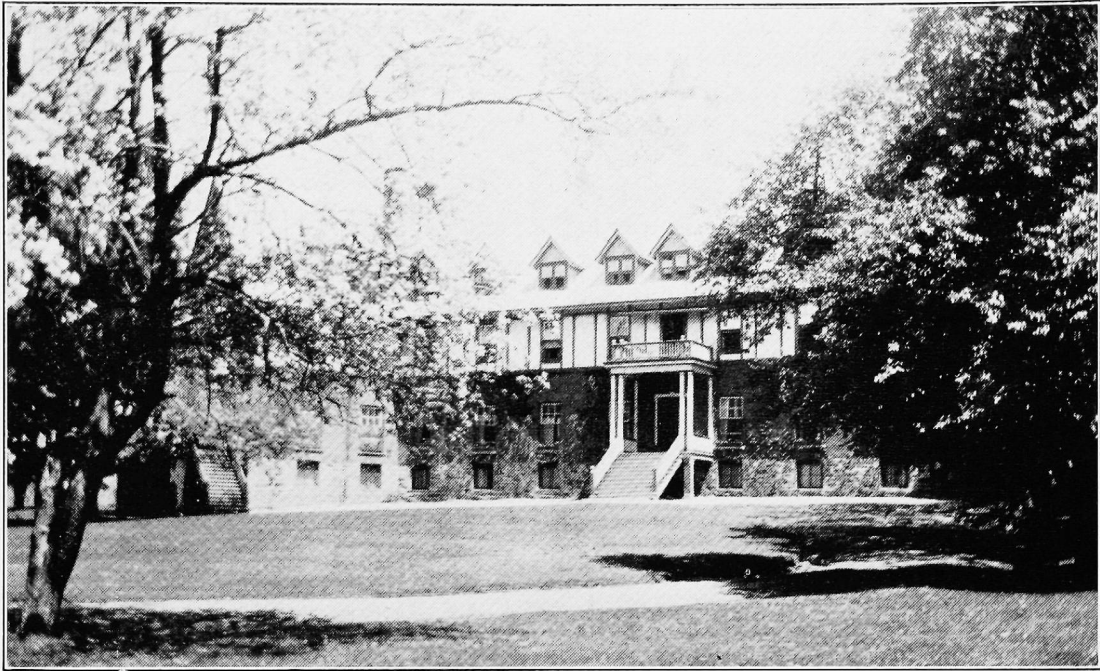
## LE VISITEUR DE LA NUIT

Il est minuit à notre école. Le sommeil a dompté toutes les jeunes filles, qui se trouvent dans les chambres près de moi. En effet la nuit domine tout.

Subitement un bruit, un bruit terrible se fait entendre hors de notre chambre. Il pénètre dans mes rêves et je me lève vite de mon lit. Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça? Soutenue de terreur je ne peux pas dire un mot. Est-ce que je dois réveiller mes amies en poussant un cri sauvage? Je m'assieds toute tremblante d'effroi et je me tire les couvertures pardessus la tête. Soudain je sens le saut dangereux d'une bête sauvage. Je crie à haute voix: "A moi! Au secours!" Tout le monde saute à bas du lit. Ce n'est que le chat!

B. HASKELL, Sen. Matric.







## ON PULLING OUT CHAIRS

Pulling out chairs at the head of a table, really shows quite a personality and character. It depends both on the person who is about to sit down, and the one who pulls out and pushes in the chair. Seldom is there a co-operation which makes the movement go off smoothly.

There are several different types. The *charge* occurs most often; this takes place when there is a combined rush from both sides of the table, followed by a collision behind the chair, which is in and out with great rapidity, caused by one trying to outdo the other in speed. The unsuspecting victim is thrown off her feet with rather a plop, and a gasp takes the place of "thank you."

Most embarrassing is the *advance and retreat* style. When two advance, and, both expecting the other to do the job, retreat again, this action continues for . . . . By the time this grasshopper performance ceases, the mistress has seated herself with either a pitying smile or a withering glance.

The single move is also presented with difficulties. Of course the bulk of this person has to be noted, and the distance nicely gauged. It would never do to pull the chair out a couple of inches for . . . ., or a yard for . . . . One's appetite is not improved by beginning the meal in a tight spot or having the shock of nearly sitting on the floor.

Yes! If you can place any sort of chair for any size or shape of humanity, you are the possessor of a rare talent.

PAM MERRILL, Matric.

## THE DAY IS DONE

(With apologies to W. W. Longfellow)

The day is done and the darkness,  
Falls from the wings of the night,  
As a feather is wafted downward,  
From a pillow in its flight.

We hear the sounds of the juniors  
As they're finally put to bed,  
And a feeling of envy comes o'er us,  
And we wish it were us instead.

A feeling of dullness and longing,  
Due to unfinished prep,  
And we cordially wish that Aeneas  
Had had a little less pep.

Come, read to me that poem,  
That endless Byronic lay,  
It will probably give me a headache,  
But it's really my prep for to-day.

The prep which I'm struggling over,  
Came from the mistress' pen,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridor, at ten.

Like strains of martial music  
Her mighty steps suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavour,  
And to-night I long for rest.

Oh read from some humbler novel,  
Whose pages stir my heart,  
And take from my dazzled brain  
This eternal poetic art.

Which through long days of labour  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Has deprived me of my pleasure  
Of divers ecstasies.

I need a song to quiet  
The restless pulse of cares,  
To come like the benediction  
That follows after prayers.

Then the nights would be filled with music  
And the cares that infest each day  
Would fold their tents like the arabs,  
And silently steal away.

E. HOLDEN, Matric.

B. HASKELL, Senior Matric.

There was a slim girl of VI-B,  
Her clothes fitted her to a tee;  
A year at "King's Hall"  
And oh! did she bawl,  
That fattened young girl of VI-B.

BETTY STRUTHERS, VI-B.

## AT THE RAILWAY STATION

It was a quiet, peaceful little village, and usually the silence and calm were reflected in the station, but once a day they were broken and, as the "Midnight Flyer" panted impatiently outside, the little station gave its imitation of a city depot.

The station-master hastily removed his feet from the desk, pulled his glasses from off his head onto his nose, took a fresh "chaw" of tobacco and generally prepared for business. The redcap, news agent and baggage man, who were all represented in one lone individual, put down his copy of "Western Thrills," hitched up his overalls and went out to see if by any chance he might manage to earn enough money to buy himself a package of "chiclets."

One of the native passengers bustled in and, although she was only going to "Cousin Nellie's" in the next county for a week, created as much confusion as if she had been setting out for the north pole. Her husband, her four children and the family dog, all very sleepy but bearing up manfully in this emergency, had accompanied her to the train. While she bid her husband a tearful farewell, "little Johnny" chased "Sally" round and round the station, followed by the high-pitched barking of the dog and the cries and yells of the baby.

To add to the general confusion two farmers entered stamping their feet, shaking their clothes and complaining of the snow storm that "was a blown up from down river ways."

This started the good woman speculating as to whether or not "Cousin Nellie" would be "snowed in" and led to a general discussion which was carried on at the top of everyone's lungs.

Suddenly the noise was broken in upon by a sharp whistle and a loud "All aboard" from the trainman. With one final shriek the two farmers and the woman, followed by a long straggling tail composed of her family, rushed out to the "Flyer", which, a minute later, roared again into the night.

The station-master settled comfortably back in his chair, cleared a place on the desk for his feet, removed his glasses and settled down to a good night's sleep. The baggage boy returned

to his story, fortified against future "thrills" by a large wad of gum in his cheek. Once again peace settled down on the little station.

BROUGH MACLEAN, Senior Matric.

## GREEN LILIES

Across the bay, shining faintly  
Upon the pale green lilies, the sun  
Begins its daily climb.

The green and white lilies, the water lilies,  
Softly rustle as they are disturbed  
By the bow of my canoe, and my paddle.

The water drips, with soft splashes,  
From the tip of the broad paddle  
As it dips and rises among the lilies.

Here is my solitude, my dream-place;  
Here I love to lie beneath the thwarts  
And watch the sleepy sky grow golden.

Then the sun gleams upon the water;  
It dazzles my eyes; light catches the round drops  
Slowly dripping from my paddle;

It caresses the green lilies  
With gentle, loving finger-beams.

OLWEN JONES, VI-B.

## WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF . . . .

Tony Barker failed in General Inf?  
Caroline Cate's giggle wasn't heard?  
Betty Cumming lost her rhythm?  
Elizabeth Butterfield lost her nerve?  
Nancy Gilmour's bones stopped breaking?  
Ruth Harris had her own belongings?  
Olwen Jones got a Return?  
Jane Luton got Laryngitis?  
Renée Moncel wasn't "embarrassed"?  
Catherine MacKeen thought for herself?  
Elizabeth Partridge came out of the fog?  
Betty Struthers couldn't have fresh air?  
Mabel Warburton came first in Latin?  
Peachy Whitehead was satisfied?  
Betty Wilson wasn't in a rush?  
Audrey Esler wasn't on her death bed?  
B. B. Fraser wasn't fighting in the halls?  
VI-B kept out of trouble?

AUDREY ESLER, VI-B.

B. B. FRASER, VI-B.

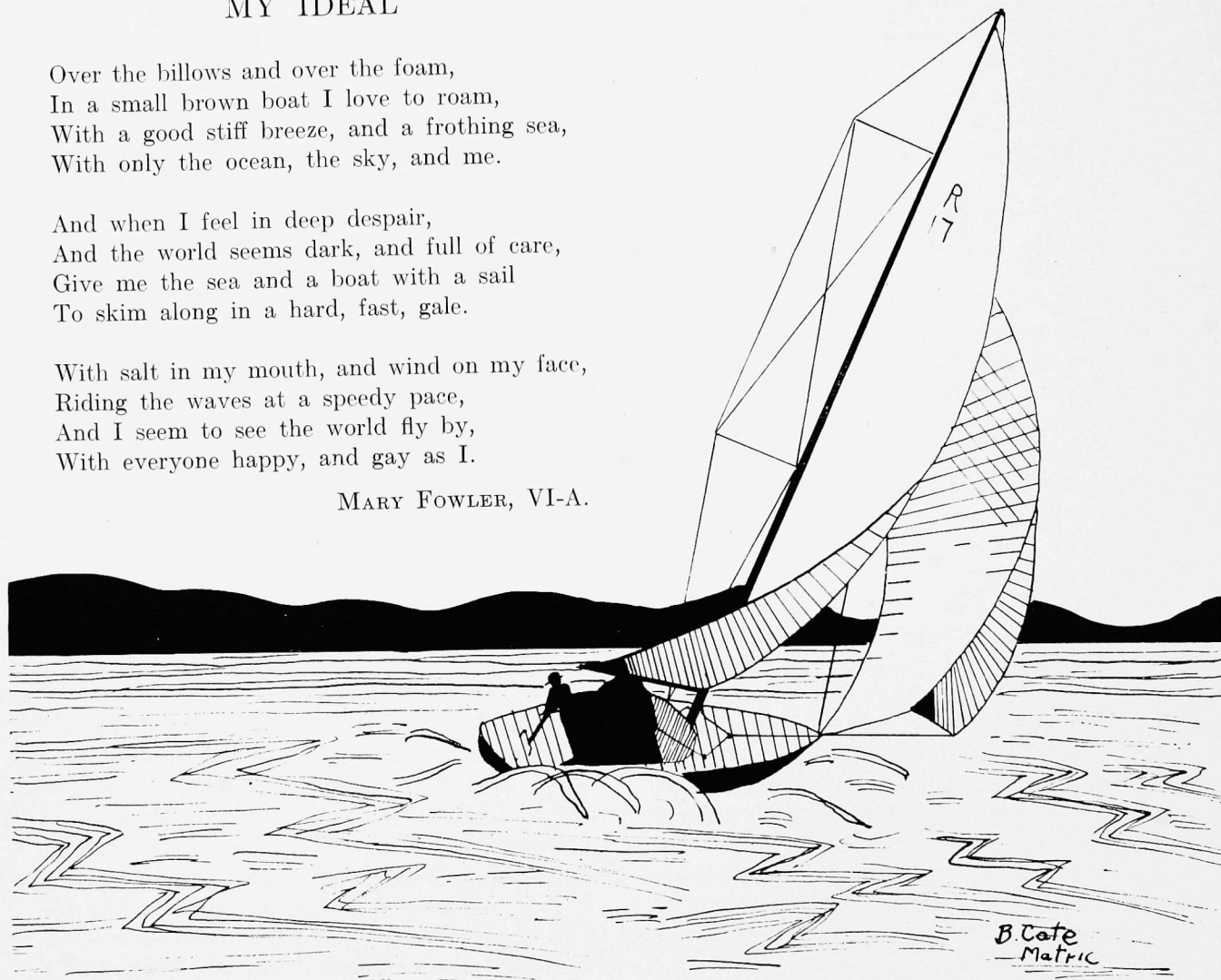
## MY IDEAL

Over the billows and over the foam,  
In a small brown boat I love to roam,  
With a good stiff breeze, and a frothing sea,  
With only the ocean, the sky, and me.

And when I feel in deep despair,  
And the world seems dark, and full of care,  
Give me the sea and a boat with a sail  
To skim along in a hard, fast, gale.

With salt in my mouth, and wind on my face,  
Riding the waves at a speedy pace,  
And I seem to see the world fly by,  
With everyone happy, and gay as I.

MARY FOWLER, VI-A.



## A PARODY

(With apologies to Shakespeare)

Friends, students, staff, lend us your ears;  
We come to bury lessons, not to praise them.  
The evil that they do lives after us,  
And it is oft interred within our brains;  
So let it be with you. The noble Staff  
Have told us we were not ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault.  
Here, under leave of the Staff and the rest—  
For the Staff are an honourable group;  
So are they all, all honourable friends—  
We end.

CAROLINE CATE, VI-B.  
ELIZABETH PARTRIDGE, VI-B.



## A FALL WITH BITTERS

One day Crabtree and I decided to spend a nice quiet afternoon in the cutter with the very fast horse named Bitters (who only walks).

At three o'clock we were nicely settled in the cutter, covered with buffalo rugs and I undertook to hold the reins. Past the school we went, and when we reached the church I turned to my little pal beside me and said, "Why, this is a wonderful way to spend an afternoon, we certainly shall have to do this again." By now I thought I was experienced enough to go somewhat faster, so I started whistling and clicking my tongue till the old nag began to trot.

All went well until it was time to turn around. My friend had warned me that this particular horse would not turn unless he was led. However, there was a side road to the right of us which we took. This I thought was a dandy place to turn our horse (which was a bit of an ass); the final moment arrived—the cutter hit a tree-stump—and gradually I felt myself seeing the lovely landscape on an angle . . . then crash! I was in a snow-drift with Crabtree on top of me.

This incident seemed to us rather amusing, so we sat and laughed. Then, to our utter amazement, we looked along the road to see Bitters going like a streak of lightning up the hill. Well, what could we do but shout, "Stop, Bitters, Stop!". Unfortunately, instead of stopping, he disappeared over the horizon, and so, with our bodies draped in buffalo rugs, and carrying the whole interior of the cutter, we started schoolwards.

JANE TOLLER, Junior Domestic Science

The best part of the show, however, was the pleased expression on the face of Bitters, as he cantered gaily through the village, dodging, with practised ease, the few who tried to stop him!

AN EYE-WITNESS.

## PERCE

Towering rocks in grandeur  
Rise from the rolling deep,  
Carved by the wind and waters,  
Calm in eternal sleep.

Bearing the sun's bright warmth  
The strength of age is there,  
Yet there's crumbling in every moment  
On those gaunt walls, steep and bare.

There is mystery in this headland,  
The shape of a lofty hull,  
The secret of the summit  
Lies with the swooping gull.

FAY THOMSON, Matric.

## SCENES

It was in the Pennsylvania Station about 9:45 on a Saturday morning; we had fifteen minutes before the train left—not long—but long enough to sit down and watch some of the world go by. . . The man behind me was snoring and. . .

"Hey, Bill! Wait a minute. There's so much of this truck to carry—" A gang of boys ran past, headed—as was evident by the accompanying paraphernalia—for a lacrosse game. Happy, but determined faces, they passed out of sight.

And then I saw a woman, so small and frail, with a child in her arms and a porter beside her. She looked anxiously into the smoking-room, but her voice was flat when she said: "I don't think he's in here—he hardly ever smokes"—and they turned away. . . .

"Dad! and Mother!" For a minute there was slight confusion, and when they stood apart I saw four: a young woman, strong, fresh and clear, a small boy, her son, and an elderly couple, presumably her father and mother—all four with joyous faces—glad over the reunion—and secure in the best sense of the word. Then they passed through the swing door with light steps.

I turned, and looked around; the man behind me was still snoring. Such disregard for humanity, and all its interesting specimens.

PHOEBE ANNE FREEMAN, Matric.



## SHOES

I wonder what shoes would think if they could think. What would they think of their owners; of the places their owners went to; of the way they were treated?

Take, for example, a pair of school girls' brogues. Usually they are bought with lack of interest, "must be serviceable, and wear well." They are brought to school, and, morning after morning, they are hurriedly put on, all day they rush from place to place, upstairs and down, from class to class, are taken off for gym and thrown in a corner, out on the hockey field tearing through the mud, up trees, over fences, over or under anything available. They spend long nights under the bed, and do the same things over again the next day. When they have reached the worst possible state of filth, they are taken down to be cleaned. They spend the night, one night, in exquisite cleanliness, only to be put on in more of a hurry the next day and made just as dirty as before. Theirs is a hard life of wear and tear. I am sure their thoughts would be as unpleasant as their lives. They could think nothing pleasant of humans or of anything else.

But take instead a pair of afternoon shoes, who go in company with pretty dresses and new hats, who avoid puddles and never touch mud, who are admired by many, who attend movies and all sorts of gatherings and generally enjoy life. Their ideas would be pleasant and gay.

Consider the evening shoe, who goes to dances, enjoys the evening, sees many people, dances to good music, and has a lovely time—until in some fateful moment it gets stepped on. What disillusioned ideas it must have, in which everything ends in a disappointment.

BETTY STRUTHERS, VI-B.

There is true art in the grey sky, and music  
In that moving mass like beaten iron, the sea;  
But poetry lies within, and will not come out by  
decree.

That symphony of wind throughout the pine  
boughs

Is inspiring, till the wonder bursts my heart  
And I try in vain to write, 'ere the song depart.

FAY THOMSON, Matric.

## SEA-WEED GATHERERS

The waves break,  
The sand slides,  
Where the seaweed gatherers go,  
And the deep pools reflect their faces,  
As they work in the sunset glow.

The glow fades,  
The sea rolls,  
Lone kestrels skim the foam,  
The trade winds die away.  
And the men return in the gloam.

The night falls,  
A star shines out,  
On the surface of the sea,  
Where the bowl of the sky is mirrored  
In the depths that are cool and free.

BARBARA PECK,  
Junior Domestic Science.

## DER FEUERLARM

Ach was ist dieser Lärm, welcher sich durch meine Träume dringt? Ich wende mich im Bette um. Was kann es sein? Es wird immer lauter. Nach und nach wache ich auf. Ach, das ist der Feuerlärm! Ich muss sogleich aufstehen. Vielleicht ist es ein echtes Feuer! Schnell suche ich meinen Schlafrock. Ich ziehe ihn über die Schultern. Ach, was muss ich jetzt tun? Ich habe alles vergessen! Ja, ich muss das Fenster zumachen. Aber meine Freundin schläft immer noch! Wird sie nie aufwachen? Gerade in diesem Augenblick richtet sie sich auf. Träge, lenkt sie die Weckuhr ab und legt sich wieder im Bett nieder. Wird sie nie aufwachen? Gut, endlich wacht sie auf. Aber jetzt hat sie alle Bettdecken auf den Boden geworfen. Dummes Mädchen! Ich greife meine schläfrige Freundin bei der Hand, denn die Lehrerin steht schon vor der Tür. Wir laufen durch den Gang. Atemlos kommen wir an die Rettungsleiter. Jetzt treten wir zum Apell an. Andere sind auch da, aber alle sehen sehr schläfrig aus. Es gibt kein Feuer, und endlich ist alles vorbei. Wieder kriechen wir zu Bett. Aber wir hassen doch den Feuerlärm!

B. HASKELL, Senior Matric.

## ODE TO MOLLY DE MURIEL

Her lashes are white,  
 And red is her face,  
 She's the cream of the crop,  
 The quintessence of grace.

Her complexion is rosy,  
 A beautiful red,  
 She "luxes" it nightly,  
 'Ere going to bed.

If she had any hair,  
 It wouldn't be gray,  
 She'd shampoo it daily,  
 The "Kolour-bak" way.

It's really a shame  
 That our cow is so lean,  
 We hope her best friend,  
 Will suggest "Ovaltine."

There is nary a blemish  
 On this fair beast,  
 The answer, dear reader,  
 Is "Fleishman's Yeast."

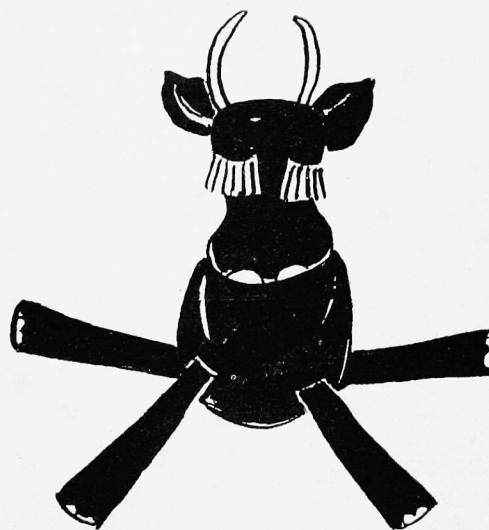
You'd be dazed at the nerves  
 Of this calmest of mammals,  
 But it's really quite simple,  
 She merely says "Camels."

Her eyes have allure,  
 So everyone thinks,  
 The result is obtained  
 With the "Kurlash" and "Winx."

The authors of this  
 Are no longer inspired,  
 And we trust that our reader  
 Is equally tired.

With a last farewell  
 Let the curtain fall  
 On the sweetest and  
 Reddest cow of all.

E. HOLDEN, Matric.  
 F. FLYNN, Sr. Matric.



## EPITAPH

Here lies Molly  
 Demurest of cows,  
 Filling just so much space,  
 As the law allows.

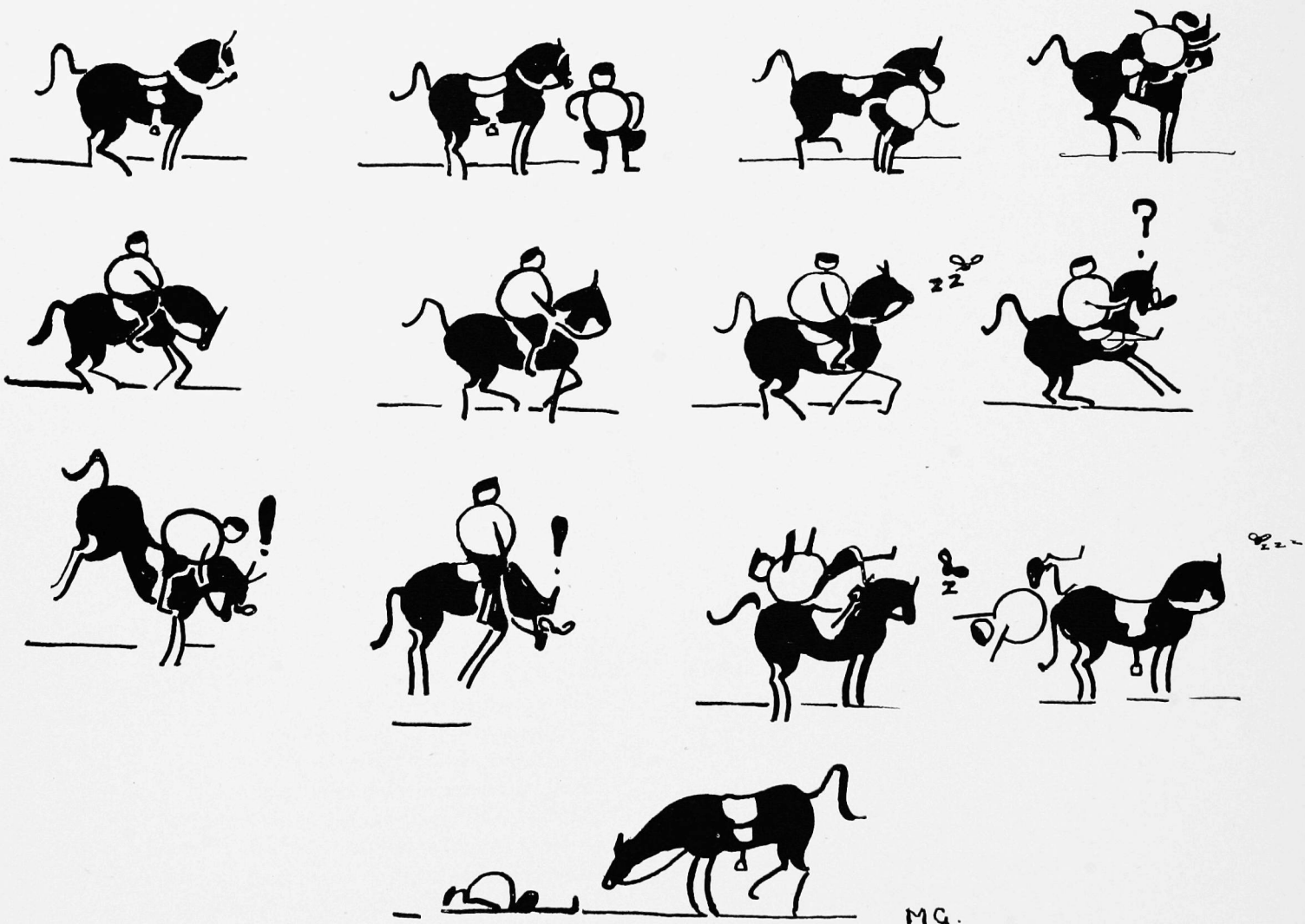
E. JONES.

## ROAD SONG

The road ahead is a ribbon  
 Tied to my heart;  
 Yellow, white, and grey it is,  
 A ribbon, winding down, down,  
 Winding down to the valley;  
 Climbing arrow-straight, but laboured,  
 Up to the hill on the other side.  
 It drags my eyes with it;  
 It will not let them see  
 The green fields, the grain, the wild flowers;  
 My eyes must follow its grey trail,  
 And where my eyes go, there must my feet  
 Slowly travel also.  
 I want to stay;  
 I am weary with much wandering  
 On the roads of the world.  
 Why may I not rest?  
 The road goes on, on,  
 Pulling my heart, drawing my eyes,  
 And where they go, there must my feet  
 Slowly travel also.  
 Why may I not rest?

OLWEN JONES, VI-B.

# Dolly and the Bee.



## MY FIRST RIDE

Trembling, I found my way to the stable,  
People had told me that I was able,  
But as the awful hour drew near,  
Much clearer to me became my fear.

"Mount on the horse's left-hand side,"  
Was the groom's advice to begin the ride,  
Then off we went at a very slow pace,  
And a surprising look came over my face.

Then gradually we began to trot,  
"Oh, this is nice," was my first thought!  
Out of the stirrup came my foot,  
But in again it was finally put.

"Now we'll canter," said the groom,  
And I prepared to face my doom.  
Alas! we arrived home once more  
And all I could say was, "I'm terribly sore!"

P. CRABTREE, Senior Matric.



# JUNIOR



## SOUNDS HEARD AT NIGHT

There are a great many different sounds heard at night and it is very interesting to listen to them. Soon after our lights are put out, we hear VI-B having theirs put out also and calling to the mistress on duty to put someone else's out first.

They are all out after a little while and all is comparatively silent, but still one hears a laugh and someone telling her neighbour to be quiet. Then there is a great deal of stamping and shouting, and one who was not used to it might get quite excited, but it is only the seniors going to bed.

Then for a long time all is still except for the steady stamping of the mistress as she tries to put a stop to the night noises. Finally even that ceases as the weary mistress departs for bed.

Then the really interesting night noises begin.

There are whispers and calls, sounds of running, and suddenly the ominous words, "Miss Gillard." In a flash all is silent! Cupboards creak because of too many people in them; sheets are pulled down to hide what may be underneath the beds. After a short time there are one or two sounds of people creeping back to bed, the creak of doors being quietly opened, a snore, and silence.

Nothing is heard for a time and then a door is pushed quietly open and someone shuffles down the hall to the bathroom, slippers off, and glass in hand. The light is clicked on and the tap turned. The light is put off and the figure shuffles back to bed. Then no more is heard, except George walking along the corridors, until the bell goes to get up. This bell may not really be rung at night, but when it is heard clanging along it certainly feels as if it were a night sound.

ELIZABETH ELDER, V-A.

## THE MAN IN THE MOON

Once, in a little round house high, high in the dark sky there lived a man called "The Man in the Moon." This man was short, fat and jolly. His clothes were all bright and shiny. Mr. Moon's house was very shiny too, for you could see it all through the sky. One day, when Mr. Moon was shining, he thought he saw his brother Sun coming. Brother Sun wanted to shine in the day, but Brother Moon wanted to shine both day and night, so the two brothers had a quarrel. They fought for two days and two nights. Mars watched them from a distance and decided that Brother Sun had won the fight. Brother Sun was very pleased that he could shine both day and night.

He told Brother Moon, however, that he wouldn't be so mean as to shine all the time, and that Brother Moon could have the night. That is why Mr. Moon seldom comes out in the day.

A week later the two brothers had cousins come to stay with them. This family was called Stars. Mr. Sun complained that the Stars took up too much room, so the Stars only shone at night. After they moved there they were soon complaining that there was not enough room, because, as you know, the Stars are a big family. Mr. Moon finally said that he would do only one more thing for them.

"I will grow small part of the month, and to my full size the other part of the month," he told them.

When you used to look at the Man in the Moon he was scowling. But now when you look at him he is smiling, because he knows that his brother and cousins will bother him no more.

ELIZABETH BEVAN, IV-A.

Age 12.

## MONKEYS

I am going to tell you of a little monkey called Jock. Jock belonged to an organ-grinder who always stood in the street begging for money. He would stand on his master's shoulder with a little cup in his paw and the people would put the money in the cup.

Jock and his master had two little friends, Mary and Bob Brown. Their father was a doctor and they lived a few blocks away from the monkey's stand. Every day the monkey came to meet them at the corner. They would give him a penny and run off to school.

One day the monkey did not come to the corner. As it was Saturday they thought they would go to see what was the matter. They did; but when they got to the stand they found that he was not there. Neither was his master. They began to search for Jock. When they found him, three blocks away, he was very excited. He would run up to them and run away again.

They enquired about him from a man standing by. He told them that Jock's master had been run over and that the ambulance driver would not let Jock in. The monkey had followed them to this corner and then lost them and had been there ever since. The children thanked the man and they were so excited they did not know what to do. Finally they decided to try to take Jock home.

They did try, but he wiggled so much that they almost gave up hope, when Mary remembered some bread and butter she had brought. She gave that to him and it lasted until they were on the steps. When they got him into the house, their mother was quite excited and wanted to know what it was all about. They told her, so she phoned the hospital, and, in a few minutes, their father had the monkey's master's case. They, of course, begged to keep the monkey. Their parents said "yes", and Jock was given a little basket and some food.

One day their father took them up to see Jock's master. Jock went too, and when he

saw his master there was great rejoicing. Their father told them that when the organ-grinder was better he was going to be their gardener and in winter their janitor. So it was quite a happy ending.

HOPE DAVIDSON, IV-A.

Age 11.

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## PLUS AND MINUS MARKS

Saturday morning at King's Hall finds the girls very worried. Girls go upstairs to make their beds wondering whether they have only nine minus marks or an order mark. Some courageous girls go and ask Miss Gillard if they are in hot water this week.

Every one goes bravely up to prayers and sits on the edge of her chair until her name is read.

The first person stands up. She has no minuses and twenty-five pluses (there is great applause). The next person stands up. She has no pluses, but she has a great many minuses. Miss Gillard reads out: "Minus five, talking after lights out; minus five, singing in prep; minus five, visiting out of hours; minus three, return; minus two, late for setting-ups; minus two, elbows on the table; minus twenty-two, you know what that means!" The poor girl sits down and thinks of all the work she will have to do that day.

Mark reading is terrible ! ! !

FRANCES MOFFATT, V-A.

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## SIGNS OF SUMMER

Oh, summer time is here again.  
Can't you hear the cry  
Of the little birds above the trees  
Who are learning how to fly?  
And the ripples on the water  
Are flowing straight back home;  
While the baby fishes play at tag  
In the snowy white sea foam.

JANET MORRISEY, V-B.

## TO A SNOWFLAKE

Down fell a little snowflake;  
 It was so very small,  
 It looked a dainty lady,  
 Going to a ball.

It was early in the morning,  
 And the wind began to blow,  
 So our dainty little lady  
 Started dancing to and fro.

JANET MORRISEY, V-B.

## THE BELL

The bell in the morning wakes me up,  
 But that's as far as it goes;  
 For as soon as it stops I snuggle down,  
 And prepare for another doze.

And then, Oh horrors! did I hear a bell?  
 The second it cannot be!  
 But alas! it is true, and I know I'll be late,  
 Though how I slept in I can't see.

ELIZABETH HUME, V-A.

## NAMES

Names are very silly things,  
 They really don't make sense.  
 Now Peter Smart, spite of his name,  
 Is really very dense.

While Johnny Stubbs is very tall,  
 And Jackie Long is short,  
 And Mollie Rose is always pale,  
 And so is "Pinkie" Mort.

Then Peter Bright is very dull.  
 It really is a task,  
 While Billy Sappo's always first,  
 I, Freddie Smart, come last.

BARBARA CRONYN, V-A.

## Le Pot à Thé Plein de Dignité

Je suis un pot à thé, un pot à thé plein de dignité. Je suis assis sur une planche avec toutes les tasses et les soucoupes de porcelaine. Elles jassent toutes et font beaucoup de bruit, mais moi, je suis trop plein de dignité pour ça.

Oh! mon dieu, deux coupes se battent. L'une s'est écaillée déjà un peu, l'autre s'est fendue. Que c'est excitant! La première frappe l'anse de la seconde et la seconde essaye de frapper le dehors de la première. Le combat marche fort et ferme.

C'est comique, tout le monde me regarde de travers. Je me demande pourquoi? Eh bien, je comprends. Je suis trop excité. Il faut me conduire en pot à thé plein de dignité.

JOAN SPAFFORD, V-A.

## MY LOVE FOR SCHOOL

The pens are on the table,  
 The chairs are on the floor;  
 There are plenty of windows in the class-room.  
 But I'd much rather use the door.

ELIZABETH BEVAN, IV-A.

Age 12.

## PREP.

When you are lazy, tired and cold,  
 And feel like being free,  
 You never feel like doing prep—  
 Spelling, French and Geography.

ELIZABETH BEVAN, IV-A.

Age 12.

## FRANCES

There was a young lady named Frances,  
 Who always went into trances,  
 She went to King's Hall  
 And often did fall,  
 While doing her favourite dances.

GERRY MCKEE, V-B.



## NOISES

"Brrr", goes the alarm clock early in the morning, so out of bed you get with a "bump" and turn the "noisy-thing" off!

Quickly you dress and run down stairs to get breakfast. "Clatter, clatter" go the dishes, and "swish, swish" goes the broom as you sweep the floor.

After breakfast you make the beds, "squeak, squeak", go the castors as you move the bed, and "click, click", go your high heels as you walk along. Then you get the vacuum out "Whiz-z-z" it goes continuously.

Later you turn on the radio to see if there is any nice music, "squack", it goes and "brrr" goes the static. At last you get a man talking French, you may be sure, "jabber, jabber" he says, you can't understand him; all you know is that he is making an "infernal racket", as you call it! Soon you get an orchestra, "boom" goes the drum, "squeak", goes the violin and "bang" goes the piano. At last you turn it off with a sigh and "click" goes the switch.

You get dinner, "crash" you've broken a glass. During dinner the forks go "scratch, scratch" against the plates.

After dinner you go down town. You step into the street without looking, "honk, honk", goes a car.

When you get home you realize that you have asked some friends to tea. "Ring-a-ling" goes the door-bell.

Then at last "dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong." Nine o'clock and you go to bed. "Whew! what a noisy day, I am sure if I were the only one in the world there wouldn't be so many noises to get on people's nerves!" you say.

When you get to sleep "Z, z, z," no one can sleep because of you!

SYLVIA EARDLEY-WILMOT, IV-A.

Age 10.

## NOW AND THEN

While we are here  
We think it is dreadful;  
It's a tiresome, bothersome bore  
To get up in the morning  
At the breaking of dawn  
When we wish we could sleep in and snore.

It's a task to do lessons  
And be studious in Prep.  
We can't do our lessons quite right.  
We fuss and we fidget,  
Write letters and talk  
And laugh till our clothes are a sight.

We loathe going out  
When it's twenty below—  
Our poor little feet nearly freeze!  
We don't like the season,  
We're apt to catch cold,  
A sniffle, a cough, or a sneeze.

It's terribly tempting,  
When lights are all out,  
To run through the school on tip toe.  
We talk all the night,  
Waking tired at dawn,  
And wonder we're weary and slow.

We don't like the Sundays,  
While down on our knees,  
We wish we were home on a binge.  
We hate Monday mornings;  
That means back to work,  
And from straining our brains we all cringe.

\* \* \* \* \*

But now we have left there  
Oh dear, how we wish  
We were back with our friends at King's Hall.  
We're glad that we studied,  
It got us a job,  
And Prep. was not bad after all!

BARBARA CRONYN, V-A.

## BED

(With apologies to Hymn 710)

Now our prep is over,  
 Bed is drawing nigh,  
 Lights flash through the doorways  
 Teachers wander by.

Girls in doorways gather,  
 From their rooms they peep,  
 Miss Masten and Miss Lindsay  
 Soon will be asleep.

When the lights are darkened  
 Then the fun will start;  
 Girls creak boards and whisper  
 Through the halls they dart.

Candy papers rustle,  
 Lights flash off and on,  
 Bottle tops fly skyward,  
 Mistresses are gone.

Then a loud step soundeth,  
 "Who's up," teachers yell;  
 Loud through the confusion  
 Clangs the fire-bell.

ELIZABETH ELDER, V-A.

## TIDYNESS

"Oh where, oh where, have my clothes all gone?"  
 Says Gerry in the middle of the morning.  
 The stockings are ripped, tattered and torn,  
 And the shoes are old, shabby and worn.  
 The tunic is covered with messes of goo,  
 And as for untidy marks—not a few!  
 And her tie is all covered with stickiness, too.  
 And, why a miracle if she tied her shoe!  
 The bed, my dears, has never been stripped;  
 And as for the sheets, they are always ripped.  
 "You should be ashamed of the room at the  
 noo!"  
 "Oh, yes, Miss Briggs", was the answer from two

ELIZABETH BEVAN, IV-A.

Age 12.

## THE BLACKSMITH

There was a hammer and a clatter  
 In the Blacksmith's shop.  
 The noise was so loud  
 That I had to stop.

Around him the people  
 Soon gathered, like mad;  
 They asked and they asked  
 But no answer they had.

The Policeman soon came  
 And shouted aloud,  
 "What has happened dear Blacksmith?"  
 He stood with head bowed.

They took him to jail,  
 And they kept on the run.  
 And they found when they got there,  
 The Blacksmith was dumb!

GERRY MCKEE, V-B.

## MY DOG

I have a little dog,  
 He's, oh, so small,  
 He cannot walk,  
 So he has to crawl  
 Up and down the hall.

He has a little nose  
 With which he smells,  
 And two little eyes  
 With which he sees  
 To come to me.

He has a little bed,  
 That is so cozy,  
 That it makes him dozy,  
 Just as a little  
 Dog should be.

HOPE DAVIDSON, IV-A.

Age 11.

## A PENNY

My name is Penelope Halfpenny. I was born many years ago in a big mint. I had many relations there, some poorer, some richer than I, but we all belonged to the Penny family.

When I first "came out" I was very bright and beautiful, but now, after many adventures and years of service, I have become dingy, and my printing is barely visible. But, strange as it may seem, that makes me more valuable to humans; very much more so than when I was new. This I know, for the little child who has me now, put me in his "penny collection", and I heard his uncle say that I would soon become more valuable than his whole collection put together. This is a wonderful rest for me, and if you don't think so, just listen to the adventures I have had.

After I left the mint I was taken to a big bank with some of my friends and relations. I was soon given, with some other change, to an old lady. I did not stay with her long, but was given to a poor street urchin for making a path through the snow for her.

I was accepted gratefully and grasped in his grimy hand. I was taken through alley after alley, till finally we entered an alley smaller and dirtier than all the rest. He entered a little shack, and then, before putting me in an old, cracked tea-pot, looked about to see if any one was around.

I stayed inside that tea-pot for many long weeks, and the pot and I became great friends. Slowly, and one at a time, other pennies were dropped into the pot, until there were nearly twenty of us. Then, one day, we were taken out, and I learned that the little urchin, Boots, had been hoarding all his money to buy his invalid sister a Christmas present.

I went to help buy that present, a little potted rose, and was proud of it! I have always remembered his bright, happy face as he paid for the plant, and I think that of all the great personages I have been handled by he was the

greatest, and that that poor little flower was the greatest gift I ever helped to buy.

This is just one of my adventures, but now that I have told you it, do you not think that I deserve a rest? I shall be happy here in this "collection" with my memories. I hope I shall stay here for a long while. I am an old penny, very old and tired.

MEG AITKEN, V-A.



## FRIENDS

I wish I had a puppy dog,  
Little, brown and white.  
I would take such good care of him  
And tuck him in each night.  
Each day I'd go to look at him—  
He's in that window now—  
If I could only buy that pup  
I'd teach him how to bow  
And perhaps if he were very bright  
The mail some day he'd bring.

Mummy brought a parcel,  
Just for little me.  
I opened it with caution, and—  
What was there to see?  
It was my little puppy, who  
Had come to me at last.  
I was so happy that my shout  
Sounded like a blast,  
And when I went to bed that night  
My puppy went with me.  
We cuddled up together in  
A funny sort of way,  
And that very happy pair  
You'll find until this day.

ELIZABETH BEVAN, IV-A.



## ALONE

I love to go walking all alone  
 With only the wind for company,  
 I love to hear the pine trees moan  
 And the brook as it runs to the sea.

The clouds go sailing overhead,  
 The wind is whispering in the trees,  
 I look up from my flow'ry bed,  
 To watch the butterflies and bees.

The soft whistling of a churl,  
 The sweet singing of a bird,  
 The noisy chatter of a squirrel,  
 Are the noises to be heard.

HELEN CORBETT, V-A.

## BATH SALTS

What's the smell that greets our noses  
 As down the hall we creep on our toes?  
 What was that I heard you say?  
 Someone had a bath to-day!

So that's the reason, now I know  
 Why the school is smelling so.  
 It's just those smelly salts again,  
 From using them girls should refrain.

MEG AITKEN, V-A.

## JACKS (a parody)

The Jacks are here, the Jacks are there,  
 The Jacks and balls are everywhere,  
     They're in the gym,  
     They're in the halls,  
 Those demned elusive Jacks and balls.

JUDITH MACLEAN, V-A.

MEG. AITKEN, V-A.

## MON CHIEN PIERRE

J'ai un petit chien  
 Qui s'appelle Pierre.  
 Qu'il est malin  
 Quand il gratte la terre!

Je lui donne une tape,  
 S'il marche parmi les fleurs;  
 Et ça lui fait mal,  
 Et me brise le coeur.

JANET MORRISEY, V-B.

There was once a girl called Jones,  
 Who read about Sherlock Holmes.  
 She tried to be brave, indeed,  
 But she found she couldn't succeed,  
 So, she accumulated poems.

NANCY BOYD, IV-A.

Age 12.

## V-B

F rances, Gerry and I,  
 I n our class try to work,  
 V ery soon we do sigh,  
 E nding all in a jerk—  
 B ecause we can go out to play.

JANET MORRISEY, V-B.

## SIGNS OF SPRING

Buds are blooming on the trees,  
 Birds are singing with the breeze,  
 Flowers are looking up for rain,  
 Once more Spring is here again.

A stream went giggling down a park,  
 In the distance cries the lark,  
 More birds are coming from the south  
 With worms dangling from each mouth.

NANCY BOYD, IV-A.

Aged 12.

## THE LOST SLIPPER

"Mary, Mary, will you please bring me my slippers?" said Mr. Hanrey.

"Yes, Daddy," said Mary.

At that moment a pair of sharp teeth caught me by the ankle and carried me off. It was Shamish, the Aberdeen terrier and the bane of my existence. He took me up to the attic and proceeded to tear me to bits. Oh, it was *horrible!*

"Daddy, one of your slippers is missing, and I can't find it anywhere!" cried Mary.

So began the search. They hunted all over the house, high and low, in cupboards and bedrooms, under tables and chairs, everywhere, and still they could not find the lost slipper.

Suddenly Mary heard an awful sound, of tearing and low growling. She cried, "Listen"! They listened and then with one accord rushed up the attic stairs. At the top they came to an abrupt halt, for there, torn into a thousand pieces and lying all over the floor, lay my remains; and standing over them, looking very downcast indeed, was Shamish.

JUDITH MACLEAN, V-A.

## POETRY RECITAL

One of last term's most interesting evenings was a poetry recital which the junior forms presented for Miss Gillard.

The V-A form room was attractively decorated with ferns and other plants. Joan Spafford as chairman announced each item. During the term we had all made our own poetry books, copying in our favourite poems, and some composed poetry of our own.

Those of us who are artistically inclined illustrated ours. On the afternoon before, all the best original poems were copied into a separate book. Elizabeth Elder read them to us for our approval, and they were presented to Miss Gillard at the end of the recital.

ELIZABETH HUME, V-A.

## A DIGNIFIED TEA-POT

I am a tea-pot made of pure silver—not of china, with little dabs of smelly paint here and there. I am the oldest tea-pot in the house. I have been here at least fifty years and I know better than to fall down and break myself every few minutes.

One day one of the china tea-pots said to me: "I think you are a rather stuck-up-in-the-air sort of person!"

"Don't you dare call me names or I'll have some careless child pick you up and drop you, do you hear me? And that applies to all of you," I said.

The tea-pots trembled at my speech. They trembled so hard that they fell off the shelf and were all broken.

"Good", I said, "that's the end of all those beastly tea-pots!"

SYLVIA EARDLEY-WILMOT, IV-A.

Aged 10.

## MUSIC OF THE SPRING

Do you hear the music  
Playing in the trees?  
How the leaves are rustling,  
Softly in the breeze.

Do you hear the sparrows,  
Singing on the bough?  
They are working hard and fast  
At their nests, I trow.

Do you hear the soft wind  
Sighing in the grass?  
The buttercups start nodding  
When they feel it pass.

Do you hear the little wren  
As she lifts her voice to sing?  
All these tiny noises make  
The music of the Spring!

HELEN CORBETT, V-A.

## HANDS

My Mother has such lovely hands,  
 They're long and white and slim,  
 While Daddy's hands are short and fat,  
 And not the least bit thin;  
 My music teacher's hands are old  
 And red, and veins stick out,  
 And Grandpa's hands are full of lumps  
 As though he had the gout;  
 Now Nanny's hands are very strong  
 Although they're round and fat,  
 I really don't exaggerate  
 When I say that she can slap.  
 It really isn't sensible  
 That hands should change so much;  
 I think that everyone should have  
 A hand with gentle touch.

BARBARA CRONYN, V-A.

## TWILIGHT

The sun has gone behind the hill,  
 And all the world is dark and still.  
 The bluebird's song is done at last,  
 On quiet wings he flutters past.  
 The robin from her nest does sing  
 Happy good-night to every thing,  
 At twilight.

Mother sky her moon-lamp lights,  
 The stars begin to glow all bright,  
 The lark makes a speck on the deep blue sky,  
 As glowing clouds sail swiftly by.  
 While little flowers begin to nod  
 Each little head, each little pod,  
 At twilight.

MEG. AITKEN, V-A.

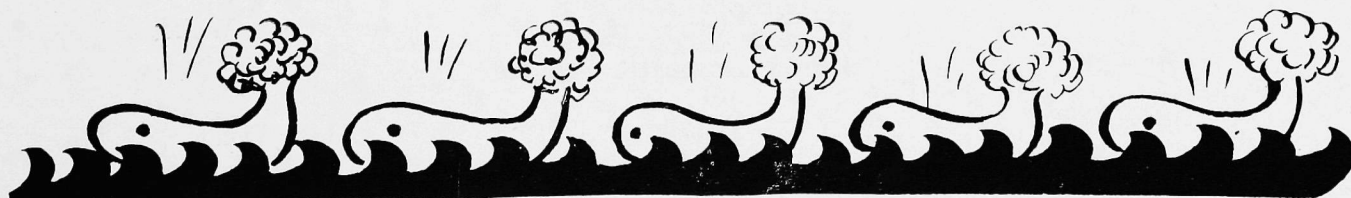


## A LITTLE WHALE

There once was a whale with a permanent tail,  
 Who sailed around the deep blue sea  
 To the famous Isle of Never-Be.  
 There he spied a fair mermaid,

Digging the sand with a golden spade.  
 But this silly old whale with the permanent tail,  
 Took one look at this gorgeous sight,  
 And turned to flee in lonely flight.

MEG AITKEN, V-A.







## HOUSES

### Montcalm

Claire Cann (Capt.)

Phyllis Crabtree  
Rea Pease

Betty Cate  
Pam Merrill  
Betty Reid  
Penelope Sherwood

Marjorie Paterson  
Madge Renouf

Cynthia Cochrane  
Terry Kuehner  
Josette LaCaille  
Rena Luton  
Mary Claire Rea  
Margaret Turney

### Rideau

Phoebe Anne Freeman (Capt.)

### Senior Matriculation

Barbara Haskell  
Florence Flynn  
Brough MacLean  
Louise Moore

### Junior Matriculation

Elizabeth Holden  
Miriam Holland  
Betty Olive  
Lyn Pepler  
Ann Wigle

### Senior Domestic Science

Sheila Birks  
Roma Dodds  
Patsy Hanson  
Catherine MacKeen  
Diana McCurdy  
Elizabeth Strong  
Audrey Ritchie

### Junior Domestic Science

Eve Dobell  
Barbara Peck

### MacDonald

Fay Thomson (Capt.)

Hazel Cole  
Molly Greene  
Margaret New  
Kathleen Payan  
Anne Whitehead

Diana Baldwin

Lorraine Cumming  
Margaret Davis  
Mary Fowler  
Audrey Kerrigan  
Jean Muir  
Louise Phillipps  
Elspeth Russell  
Mary Ward  
Barbara Wilkes

Mary Fisher  
Judy Merrill  
Jane Toller

### VI-A

## VI-B

Elizabeth Butterfield  
Betty Cumming  
Audrey Esler  
B. B. Fraser  
Nancy Gilmour  
Ruth Harris  
Olwen Jones  
Jane Luton  
Mabel Warburton  
Mary Whitehead

Caroline Cate  
Tony Barker  
Salley MacKeen  
Elizabeth Partridge  
Betty Wilson

Renée Moncel  
Betty Struthers

## V-A

Helen Corbett  
Helen Findlay  
Diana Schwartz

Meg Aitken  
Elizabeth Elder  
Elizabeth Hume  
Frances Moffatt  
Joan Richmond

Joan Beckett  
Barbara Cronyn  
Jane Holt  
Elizabeth Newcombe  
Judith MacLean  
Gloria Partridge  
Joan Spafford

## V-B

Frances Acheson

Gerry McKee  
Janet Morrissey

## IV-A

Betty Krauser  
Hope Davidson

Elizabeth Bevan  
Nancy Boyd  
Sylvia Eardley-Wilmot



## MATRICULATION FORM—1937



Standing—F. Thomson, P. Merrill, L. Pepler, M. Holland, B. Reid, B. Olive, M. New, C. Cann, P. Sherwood.  
 Sitting—H. Cole, M. Greene, E. Holden, A. Whitehead, P. A. Freeman, A. Wigle, K. Payan, B. Cate

### “TE DISCESSURI SALUTAMUS”

In this last moment do we stand with silent grief,  
 For though there is great joy in store to-morrow,  
 We must bind our parting gifts into a wreath,  
 Our gifts of laughter, fighting, song and sorrow,  
 And dedicate them to the girls that stay.  
 From old familiar desks we sigh to part,  
 At which our brains, confused, oft stood at bay.  
 We leave our heavy text books, glad of heart,  
 And for examinations too, we leave our fears.  
 This wreath in our imagination we present  
 To those who take our place. For useless tears,  
 Complaints and our mistakes, we do repent,  
 Thus do we bid farewell and take our way,  
 Ardent and eager to depart, yet fain to stay.

FAY THOMSON, Matric.



## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CLAIRE (Clarabelle) CANN.

Pastime:—General High Muck-a-Muck.

Fav. Exp:—My hat and garters!

Destiny:—Teaching the masses to touch their toes.

HAZEL COLE.

Pastime:—Wooing Morpheus.

Fav. Exp:—Hey! What bell was that?

Destiny:—Co-Star with Gabriel.

BETTY (Catiebom) CATE.

Pastime:—Bisecting batteries in class.

Fav. Exp:—I'm only chewing wax, Miss Sampson!

Destiny:—To beat T. O. M. Sopwith in the boat race.

PHOEBE ANNE (Flea) FREEMAN.

Pastime:—Fooling some of the people some of the time.

Fav. Exp:—Didn't anyone ever tell you?

Destiny:—Helping Mr. Fellows to do his Esquire Men.

MOLLY GREENE.

Pastime:—Wondering and wandering.

Fav. Exp:—Have you seen my glasses?

Destiny:—Mad artist.

BETTY HOLDEN.

Pastime:—Being "Too Busy".

Fav. Exp:—What did you get, Fay?

Destiny:—To design John Gielgud's next set.

MIRIAM HOLLAND.

Pastime:—Disputing.

Fav. Exp:—Ohho! Miss Johones.

Destiny:—Social Bug.

PAM (Pim) MERRILL.

Pastime:—Being "Arty".

Fav. Exp:—"Who's taken my Prussian Blue?"

Destiny:—Glass Blower.

MARGARET (Margie) NEW.

Pastime:—Trying to live up to her father.

Fav. Exp:—My goodness!

Destiny:—Nursery School Teacher.

BETTY (Pickles) OLIVE.

Pastime:—Daddy's Pipe Organ.

Fav. Exp:—It's Celanese.

Destiny:—Second organist to the Czar.

KAY (Rosie) PAYAN.

Pastime:—Disturbing the community.

Fav. Exp:—By the beard the whistling nellie!

Destiny:—A Barker.

BETTY (Reidie) REID.

Pastime:—Yelling at whoever slams the fire-door.

Fav. Exp:—Oh, for John's sake.

Destiny:—Florence Nightingale II.

LYN PEPLER.

Pastime:—Being frank.

Fav. Exp:—G'morning girls! (a.m. or p.m.)

Destiny:—President of the Lonely Hearts Club.

PENELOPE (Pen) SHERWOOD.

Pastime:—Brough.

Fav. Exp:—Broughie Dear!

Destiny:—Getting her man.

FAY (Fifi) THOMSON.

Pastime:—Setting an example.

Fav. Exp:—What did Holden get?

Destiny:—Cranking a Model "T" in the Peace River.

ANNE (Winkie) WHITEHEAD.

Pastime:—Collecting Rudy Vallée.

Fav. Exp:—Pecker! ! I could kill you! !

Destiny:—Winkie will go a long way, but we don't know in which direction yet.

ANN (Wig) WIGLE.

Pastime:—Friday night prep.

Fav. Exp:—Well, who's idea was that?

Destiny:—Sonja Henie's stand-in.

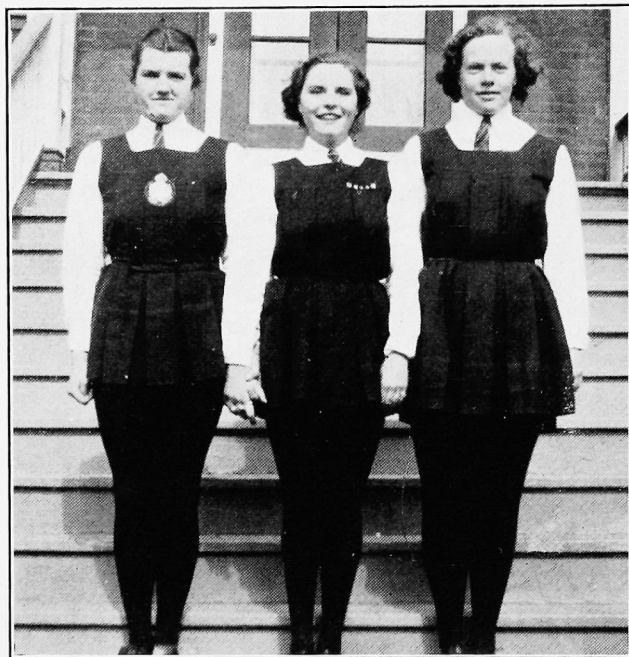
MISS (Iphagenia) JONES (Matrices' Form Mistress)

Pastime:—Hydraulic Brakes, simultaneous equations, *magnetism*.

Fav. Exp:—I don't know (she wouldn't tell if she did).

Destiny:—Têt-a-tête with Einstein.

## HEADS OF HOUSES



C. CANN    P. A. FREEMAN    F. THOMSON

Betty Olive—without knowing her last name I wondered why she was called "Pickles".

"Rosie" Payan—"setting" her "Oscar" nightly.

Lyn Pepler—dark as the night when I first saw her.

Betty Reid—looking dignified, but pleasant, on the train.

Penelope Sherwood—tent-shaped eyebrows and long tunic.

Fay Thomson—early morning endurance walks to reduce.

Ann Wigle—experienced traveller.

"Winkie" Whitehead—telling of the latest movies she had seen.

MARGARET NEW, Matric.

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF  
THE MATRIC. CLASS

Claire Cann—I wondered how the boy got on the train.

Betty Cate—loved walking around Hillhurst.

Hazel Cole—being teased for her blushing.

Phoebe Anne Freeman and Molly Greene—attempts to sing opera in the class-room.

Betty Holden—throwing her inkwell at the wall to stop VI-A being noisy.

Miriam Holland—crossing off the days on her calendar.

Pam Merrill—wearing a yellow scarf with a horse painted on it.

## SENIOR MATRIC. FORM



Back—P. CRABTREE  
Front—L. MOORE

B. HASKELL    F. FLYNN  
B. MACLEAN    R. PEASE

## SENIOR DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS



M. RENOUF    D. BALDWIN    M. PATERSON

## THE PRACTICE HOUSE

This year, the three members of the Senior Domestic Science class kept house in Miss Gillard's apartment for nine days. We each acted as hostess, cook and waitress in turn.

Being hostess and housekeeper was very pleasant; while the cook and waitress were doing the last minute dishing-up, you were in having a most enjoyable conversation with the guests.

The post as waitress was pleasant, too, if you did not forget to put the salt and pepper on the table; and if the vegetable dishes were not too heavy for your untrained hands!

But being cook—oh horrors! You were responsible for both good and bad cooking, and

had to see your guests eating burnt soup or tough meat without a complaint.

Miss Gillard is in many ways a wonderful person to keep house for, chiefly because she keeps to herself any unflattering thoughts she may have and compliments us profusely on our good cooking.

Besides serving informal meals, we gave three formal dinners, at one of which we were privileged to entertain Miss Hood, the violinist, Miss Prutzman, her accompanist, and Mrs. Finlayson, our former Household Science mistress.

MADGE RENOUF,

Senior Domestic Science.





SCENES FROM THE PLAYS

## SENIOR DRAMATICS

Numerous plays were presented this year by Miss Masten, our dramatics instructor. The Matriculation form put on "The Potboiler", at which the audience laughed till they cried! In it Elizabeth Holden played the part of the distracted author, Molly Greene the alarming villain and Pamela Merrill the vampire, while Rea Pease was the sweet and innocent heroine.

VI-A, being very much interested in dramatics this year, put on four plays. "The Birthday of the Infanta," with Mary Ward as the young princess and Diana McCurdy as the hunchback, was very successful. "Fourteen" was very amusing, with Mary Claire Rea as a most successful hostess. Another of their plays was "The First Dress Suit" in which Louise Phillipps made an excellent boy. They also acted some scenes from "The Merchant of Venice," with Rena Luton a convincing Shylock and Margaret Davis a dignified Portia.

The Domestic Science form put on two plays: "The Taming of the Shrew" with Jane Toller as the Shrew and Judy Merrill as Petruchio; also "A Sprig of Rosemary" with Barbara Peck as the grouchy, old uncle.

VI-B entertained us with some scenes from "Twelfth Night" in which Jane Luton and Betty Struthers gave an excellent presentation of Sir Andrew and Sir Toby when drunk, while Renée Moncel was a charming Olivia. "Elizabeth Refuses", a scene from "Pride and Prejudice", was VI-B's other play. In it Elizabeth Partridge was Elizabeth; Olwen Jones, Mr. Collins; and Ruth Harris, Lady Catherine.

At Christmas there was presented a tableau called "The Littlest Shepherd" with Elizabeth Bevan as the Star, and Gerry McKee as David. Throughout the production of the tableau the choir sang behind the scenes.

Miss Masten helped the forms in the choosing of their plays and saw to the producing of them; while Mrs. Gould designed and made most of the costumes, some of which were very charming and entailed a great deal of work. She also saw to the make-up of the majority of characters.

MIRIAM HOLLAND, Matric.

## JUNIOR DRAMATICS

The junior forms put on several plays this year. In the first term the V-A's acted scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The part which they chose showed the rehearsal in the woods and the scene in Quince's house. Later, another division of the same form put on the play entitled "The Boy, Will," which gives the story of the early life of William Shakespeare.

The V-A's also did the play of "Pyramus and Thisbe," which is also from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It was very amusing and, on the whole, well acted. Pyramus wore a white Grecian costume with black trimmings while Thisbe appeared in a trailing blue gown which tripped her continually. Mrs. Gould made a very funny lion's head which closely resembled the kind of mask obtainable at the time of Shakespeare.

The second division of V-A presented a play called "A Perfect Holiday." It is taken from L. M. Alcott's story of "Little Women." It was very well done and greatly surpassed our expectations.

IV-A and V-B put on "The Weather Clerk." In this play the Weather Clerk, played by Janet Morrissey, and the Wizard, played by Nancy Boyd, have a fight. The wizard is overcome and blown off the stage by the North Wind, who was played by Betty Krauser. The play went very well and the Weather Clerk prophesied fine weather for the week end of the 28th of May, though it seems very doubtful at this moment, whether his prophecy will come true or not!

On the same night the Juniors also produced "The Three Little Pigs," which they wrote themselves. They worked hard at masks and a small house for this play, which was a great success. Everything went very well and the wolf, played by Janet Morrissey, was duly boiled and eaten.

It is largely due to Miss Masten's untiring patience that all these plays were such a success. Mrs. Gould made some very beautiful and amusing costumes for them. I'm sure that the whole Junior School extends to them their warm and hearty thanks.

HELEN CORBETT, V-A.

## ART

Nearly everyone who has ever seen the studio would wonder how so many marvels could come out of that small, bright room at the top of the house.

I have often imagined myself as one of the sober casts that hang around the room. Suppose I am Voltaire. He is the most popular, because of his lean, gloomy face. My day would begin after morning prayers. The girls dash into the studio and settle down with mad haste to their work. In one corner of the room, I hear the clicking of a loom, and see a bright woolen scarf being woven. In another, a girl is printing a coloured linen halter with a linoleum cut. Just below me, I see a head bent studiously over some carving, she is making little fishes for dress buttons. For a while, I watch a gay pattern shaping itself in the form of a hooked rug, and then again, I turn my eyes to where some girls are carving and painting wooden boxes. The bell rings and they all leave, but soon the room is filled again. This time they make masks for plays. I watch the "three little pigs'" faces have their eye-brows painted on, and the "big bad wolf" have savage teeth glued inside his red mouth. I see scenery being made. Trees, bushes, benches, and even houses form before my eyes.

And so the days go by until Saturday comes and the special Art Class troops in, the mad artists as they may well be called. If it is rainy they will stay inside, and draw my face; or else one of the girls poses for them. When the sun shines, I am left alone. They all troop out with their paints, stools and boards, and, crowning it all, their lunch. Alone in the deserted room, I imagine them sitting out in the sun sketching the deep purple mountains, or sitting beside a river painting the rushing water. Perhaps they will go down into the valley, and sketch those sweeping hills that I see from my window. When the shadows lengthen, the room is again filled with their voices, discussing and criticizing each other's work.

And so the year has passed, and miracles have been created in that small, bright room at the top of the house. MOLLY GREENE, Matric.

## MUSIC

This year we have had two music mistresses as so many of the girls have been taking music.

At prayers girls have been playing the hymns and psalms every morning, and next year Miss Rootham is hoping to have the more advanced pupils play the organ in the church services.

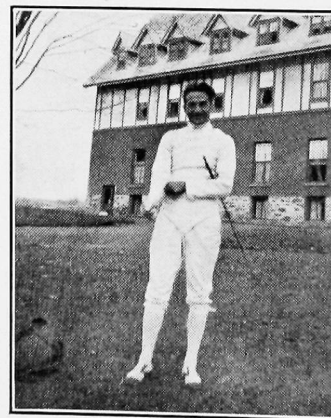
At the beginning of this year Paul de Marky came and gave a very interesting performance, playing "The Blue Danube" and many other favourite pieces. Each time he comes he is heartily welcomed by the girls.

In the Easter term Miss Hood, the violinist, came to play for us. She gave a very good recital. Many of the girls were going into Sherbrooke to hear Richard Crooks, the famous tenor, but we were unable to go because of the measles.

In the summer term we did not have the privilege of having an artist come to visit us, so one Sunday evening we had a music recital of our own, which was very successful. The pieces we had were by one composer only, Schubert. One mistress and one girl sang, a few pupils played the piano and Miss Huntley and Miss Rootham played a very good duet.

This year five girls took a theory examination and there are nine candidates for the piano examinations. We hope all will be successful.

RUTH HARRIS, VI-B.



MONSIEUR BLAU  
Our Fencing Master



## OUR MOVIES

One Sunday in the middle of last term a large crowd congregated outside the gym door with ears glued to it. From within came forth mysterious and thrilling sounds. At length the door was opened; there was a mad rush downstairs. The guilty listeners crept back, however, when Miss Keyzer appeared and said that we might go into the gym. We sat on the floor and gazed with rapt attention at the movie screen. Nothing particular was visible as it was broad daylight, but strange sounds came from the screen where a symphony concert was apparently in progress. After a time the demonstrator suggested that he might show the films he had brought in a room that could be darkened. An

expectant crowd gathered in the lounge and waited. We were rewarded by seeing several "shorts", varying from a graphic rendering of "Noah's Ark," to a silly symphony.

For several weeks following this the school was in a constant state of expectation. At last the new machine arrived and one Saturday night we gathered in the gym to see "Jane Eyre." Everything went smoothly and some members of the audience appeared to be overcome with emotion when the lights came on, whether from the drama itself or from sheer excitement, is uncertain.

Since the installing of this innovation, Saturday nights have taken on an added attraction.

ELIZABETH HOLDEN, Matric.

## EXCHANGES

"The Mitre"—Bishop's University, Lennoxville, P.Q.

"Trafalgar Echoes"—Trafalgar Institute, Montreal, P.Q.

"The Study Magazine"—The Study, Montreal.

"School Magazine"—Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ont.

"The Trinity University Review"—Trinity College, Toronto.

"The Pibroch"—Strathallan School, Hamilton.

"Leeds Girls' High School Magazine"—Leeds, England.

"News Sheet"—St. Mary's School, Calne.

"The Ovenden Chronicle"—Ovenden, Barrie, Ontario.

"The Edgehill Review"—Edgehill, Nova Scotia.

"Hatfield Hall Magazine"—Cobourg, Ontario.

"The Clio"—Miss Beard's School, Orange, N.J.

"The Tallow Dip"—Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B.

# SPORTS

## BADMINTON AND TENNIS

Badminton is a very popular sport with everyone, and is played all through the winter term.

The annual tournaments, in which we all took a great interest, were played off last term. The results were as follows:—

### Winners:

Senior Doubles:—  
E. Russell and C. Cochrane.

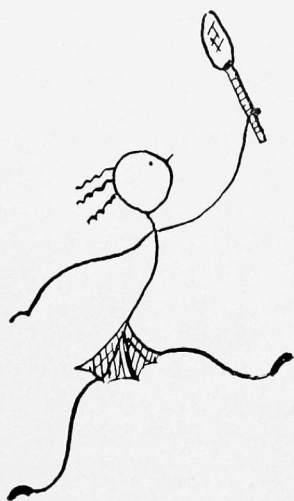
Junior Doubles:—  
N. Boyd and H. Findlay.

Junior Singles:—  
D. Schwartz.

Runners-up:  
Senior Doubles:—  
P. Merrill and A. Esler.

Junior Doubles:—  
F. Acheson and D. Schwartz.

Junior Singles:—  
N. Boyd.

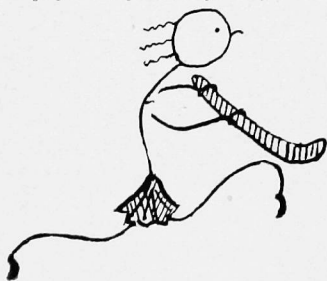


For various reasons the Senior singles were never played off.

This year we have two new tennis courts, which have just recently been completed. They have been in constant use ever since, but as yet the tournaments have not been played.

## HOCKEY

As usual, hockey was played and was much enjoyed by everyone, although we were unable



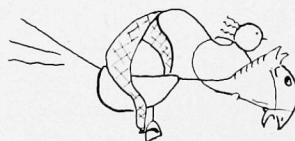
to play it as often as we did last year because the weather was most unfavourable during our hockey season. We began our annual house matches but were not able

to finish them. The result of the house match we did play was:—

Macdonald 3 vs. Rideau 0.

## RIDING AND SWIMMING

Riding was one of the most popular sports of the year. We have four horses: Dolly, Barney, Prince and Bitters. Sometimes on Wednesdays or Saturdays three of the girls take their lunch and go for a riding pic-nic; of course they are always accompanied by the groom, who goes with them on all occasions.



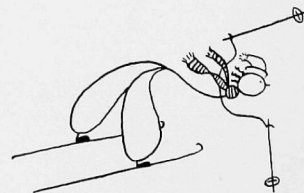
We have had very little swimming this year, although a few lucky ones did go once during the first term. We usually do most of our swimming in the Summer term, but this year again that was made impossible by an out-break of measles.

## SKIING AND SKATING

At the beginning of the winter we had very little skiing, as there was not enough snow. The lack of snow also made it impossible for Jimmy to make our skating-rink. However, Miss Gillard very kindly arranged for us to be taken down to the Coaticook river, where we skated nearly every afternoon for two weeks.

Towards the end of the term we had several feet of snow, so were able to do a good deal of skiing after all.

Ski-joring this year was given up in favour of tobogganing behind the cutter, which was considered most exciting.



## FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM



Back—D. BALDWIN      R. DODDS      L. PEPLER  
Front—A. WIGLE      C. CANN      J. LACAILLE

## BASKETBALL

Basketball was once again very popular. Last term we played form and house matches. Unfortunately, we only managed to have one outside game this year. It was against The Study, Montreal, and after the match we all went up to The Study where a most delicious tea was served. The results of the games were:

First teams:—

The Study 26 vs.

King's Hall 26

Second teams:—

The Study 14 vs.

King's Hall 19

First Team: Side Centre—J. LaCaille.

Jumping Centre—R. Dodds.

Forwards:—C. Cann, A. Wigle.

Guards:—L. Pepler, D. Baldwin.

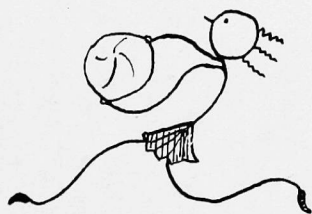
Substitute:—A. Kerrigan.

Second Team: Side Centre—C. Cochrane

Jumping Centre:—P. Crabtree.

Forwards:—E. Russell, J. Merrill.

Guards:—P. Merrill, L. Phillipps.



## BASEBALL

During the Spring months we amused ourselves by playing baseball. The results of the house games were:—

Montcalm 26 vs. Rideau 10.

Montcalm 23 vs. Macdonald 10.

## FENCING

Fencing was introduced for the first time this year, and was given a most enthusiastic welcome. Our master, Monsieur Blau, comes out from Montreal once a week. We are taught in groups of eight or ten, and also receive a good deal of individual instruction. We hope that next year this sport will continue to flourish, for our enjoyment and to the benefit of our posture.

As usual, Miss Keyzer has been in charge of our sports and gymnastics, and we wish to thank her most heartily for the extra time she has devoted to them.

CLAIRE CANN.

## SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM



Back—P. MERRILL      P. CRABTREE      J. MERRILL  
Front—C. COCHRANE      E. RUSSELL      L. PHILLIPPS





FENCING





From: KAY GIBBONS,  
30 Rosedale Road,  
Toronto, Ont.

I spent from September to March of this past year in Winnipeg, as a member of the John Holden players. We played stock—that is we produced a new play every week, playing six evenings and two matinees a week.

The Company is professional and was started in July, 1934, by Mr. John Holden, with the object of developing a good repertory theatre, and giving training and opportunity to Canadian actors and actresses. Mr. Holden has a summer theatre at Bala, Muskoka, and last year he also took his company to Bigwin Inn, Lake of Bays, to play there once a week.

This was the company's first winter in Winnipeg, and it was most successful. We went there on an eight week contract and stayed six months. There were nine of us, four girls and five men—we drew on Winnipeg talent for extra parts. We played at the Dominion Theatre, which holds about a thousand people.

We produced modern comedies with a few mysteries to give variety, but never anything very heavy. One of our biggest successes was our revival of the famous melodrama "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." We did it all in costume, had the theatre suitably decorated for the period with a "Barker" on the street outside. We invited our audiences to hiss and cheer as much as

they liked, which they did, in fact they got so boisterous we could hardly get through the play. They threw peanuts and pennies at us, and at almost every line there would be shouts of "Atta girl", or "Let him have it" and so on. Nevertheless we turned hundreds of people away at every performance.

The mornings we spent rehearsing the next week's play, and the afternoons there were no matinees we studied our lines or looked for clothes to wear in the plays. Clothes were one of our biggest problems, as once you had worn a dress in a play, you could never wear it in any other play, and as you usually had several changes in every play, your own wardrobe would not stretch very far. Luckily some shops lent us clothes for credit lines in our programmes.

Every Sunday evening we broadcast the continued story of "East Lynne." It was interesting to notice how popular "East Lynne" and "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" were, compared to many of the more modern and sophisticated plays.

The last week we took seven curtain calls every performance, and the last night we all had to make farewell speeches. There was a large crowd to see us off at the station, people we didn't even know bringing us candies and things. It was really very thrilling receiving so much enthusiasm, and realizing the need for a legitimate theatre in this country, and seeing the pleasure we had managed to give our Winnipeg audiences during our stay there.

## K. H. C. O. G. A. NEWS NOTES

## TORONTO

Mr. and Mrs. George McCullagh (Phyllis Laidlaw), a daughter, Ann Carolyn, Mar. 5th.

Kay Gibbons, a member of the John Holden Players, spent the winter in Winnipeg with the Company. They will present plays at the Muskoka Colonies during the summer.

Mrs. Christopher Vohes, formerly Constance Waugh, of Winnipeg, has been moved to Kingston.

Mrs. Philip Sise (Margaret McConnell), is visiting friends in India.

Mrs. R. H. Holmes (Helen Paget), played in the Canadian Golf Championships in Montreal last fall.

Helen Price is matron at the Upper Canada College, Preparatory School.

Mrs. Harold Rykert (Aimée Gundy), spent the winter at Southern Pines.

Mrs. H. Barrett (Edith Fox), spent the winter in Bermuda.

Mrs. Douglas Storms (Phyllis Henderson) has returned from Florida.

## QUEBEC—

## Marriages:

Anna Lou Michael to Leslie Albert Palmer, July 1936, living in Donnacona.

## Births—

Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Halloran (Barbara Stevens) a son, July 22nd, 1936.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Boone (Gerry Sims), a son, February 10th, 1937.

Alice and Peggy Dunn and Elizabeth Gibson spent the winter abroad.

Rev. and Mrs. J. Barnett (Betty Stevens), moving to Maple Grove in May.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Boone have moved to Pont Alfred.

Mary Bunbury has completed her training at the M.G.H. and has a position on the staff.

Barbara Gibson is now attending McGill.

## MONTREAL—

## Births—

Mr. and Mrs. R. Ashley (B. Roper), a son, May 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. P. Dobson, England, a son, June, 1936.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Aylmer (Topsy Bell), a son, April.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Church, Coaticook (Mary Brewer), a son, February, 1937. Peter Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart McLeod, a son, Feb. 3rd, 1936.

Mrs. Russell (Lall Acer), is working in the Artists Workshop.

Morna MacLean, who has been attending a finishing school in Brussels, was presented at Court in Buckingham Palace, May 6th. She is returning to Canada in June.

Mrs. Charles Hope attended the Coronation and is returning to Canada next month.

Mrs. Evans is visiting in England.

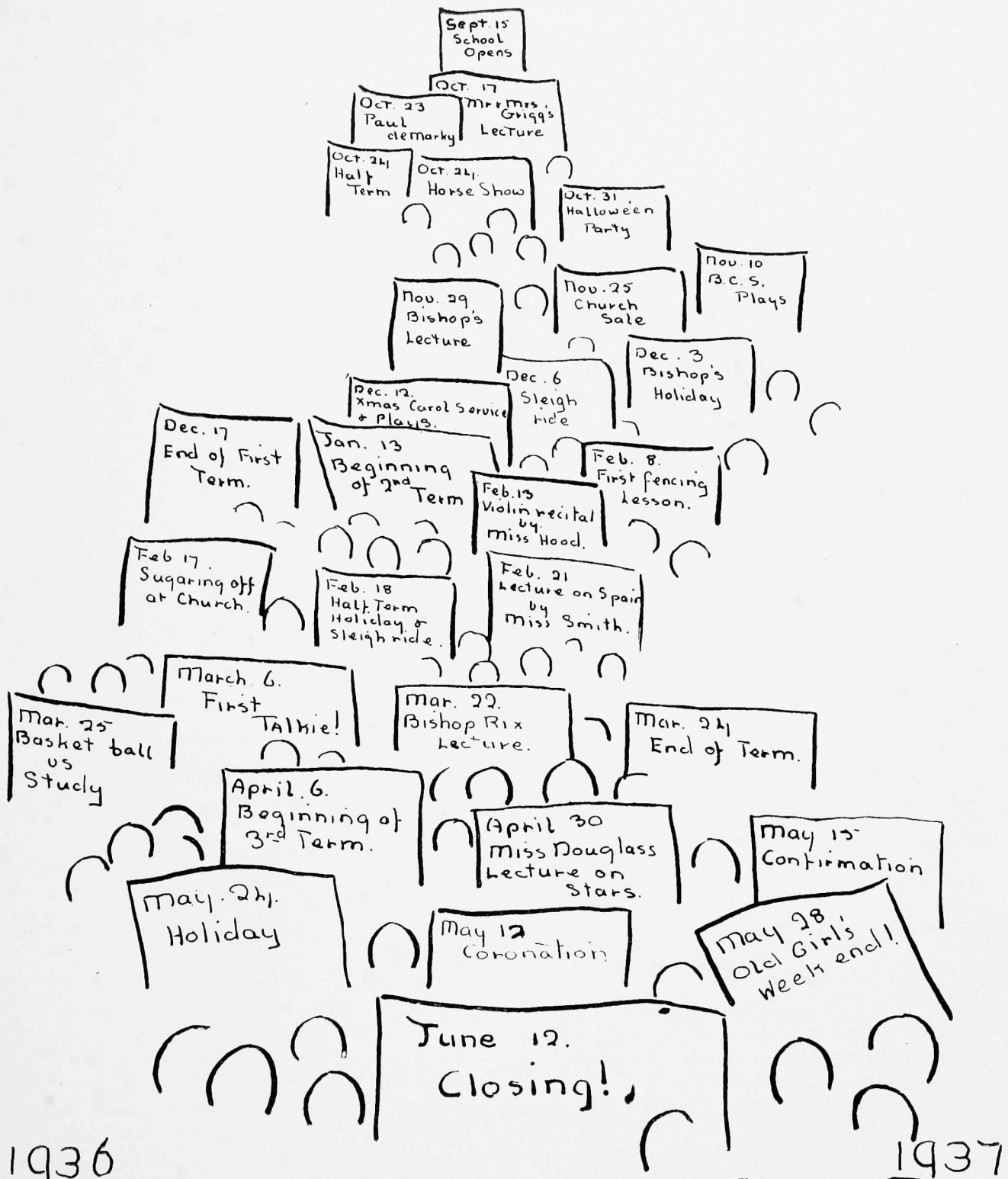
Mrs. Bradford is compiling a cook book.

Mrs. J. Collis (Doris Wilcocks), is now living in Vancouver.

Vernon Ross is now taking a post-graduate course at Columbia.

Janet Porteous is in Toronto doing interior decorating.

Dorothy McEvoy is now Mrs. Rielle Thomson.



# EVENTS

## SCHOOL DIRECTORY 1936-1937

Acheson, F., Britannia Heights P.O., Ontario.  
Aitken, M., Lockport, New York.

Baldwin, D., 15 Severn Avenue, Westmount.  
Barker, A., 355 St. Clair Ave. W., Toronto.  
Beckett, J., 418 Wood Avenue, Montreal.  
Bevan, E., 3566 East Genesee St., Syracuse.  
Birks, S., Apt. 80, 1469 Drummond St., Montreal.  
Boyd, N., 3418 Stanley Street, Montreal.  
Butterfield, E., Widrington, Pembroke, Bermuda.

Cann, C., Apt. 9, 4868 Côte des Neiges, Montreal.  
Cate, B., North Hatley, Que.  
Cate, C., North Hatley, Que.  
Cochrane, C., Box 4, St. Anne de Bellevue, Que.  
Cole, H., 211 Brown Avenue, Quebec.  
Corbett, H., 4123 Western Ave., Westmount.  
Crabtree, P., Crabtree Mills, Que.  
Cronyn, B., 1057 Waterloo Street, London, Ont.  
Cumming, B., 25 Barat Road, Westmount.  
Cumming, L., 25 Barat Road, Westmount.

Davidson, H., 330 Kensington Ave., Westmount.  
Davis, M., 119 South Portland Ave., Ventnor, N.J.  
Dobell, E., Ard Einen, Belvedere Road, Quebec.  
Dodds, R., 38 Belvedere Road, Montreal.

Elder, E., 13 DeCasson Road, Westmount.  
Esler, A., B-34 Gleneagles, 394 Côte des Neiges Rd., Montreal.

Findlay, H., 732 Lexington Avenue, Westmount.  
Fisher, M., Sackville, N.B.  
Flynn, F., 3772 Vendome Avenue, Montreal.  
Fowler, M., 610 Argyle Avenue, Westmount.  
Fraser, B., 524 Acacia Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa.  
Freeman, P. A., Apt. A-41, 3010 Westmount Blvd., Montreal.

Gilmour, N., 173 Hartley Street, Brockville, Ont.  
Greene, M., Ancaster, Ontario.

Hanson, P., 1516 Pine Avenue, Montreal.  
Harris, R., 148 Brock Ave. North, Montreal.  
Haskell, B., 420 Fowler Ave., Pelham Manor, N.Y.  
Holden, E., 240 East 79th Street, New York.  
Holland, M., 2182 Lincoln Avenue, Montreal.  
Holt, J., 1245 Redpath Crescent, Montreal.  
Hume, E., 35 Melbourne Street, Sherbrooke.

Jones, O., 219 Palisade Ave., Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.  
Krauser, E., 764 Upper Belmont Ave., Westmount.  
Kerrigan, A., 500 Roslyn Ave., Westmount.  
Kuehner, P., 334 North Steele St., West Hartford, Conn.

LaCaille, J., Mount Royal Hotel, Montreal.  
Luton, J., Military Hospital, Cogswell St., Halifax, N.S.  
Luton, R., Military Hospital, Cogswell St., Halifax, N.S.  
McCurdy, D., The Linton Apts., Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal.

MacKeen, C., Bilton, Halifax, N.S.  
MacKeen, S., Bilton, Halifax, N.S.  
MacLean, B., 2 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.  
MacLean, J., 2 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.  
McKee, G., 3258 Westmount Blvd., Westmount.  
Merrill, J., 529 Lansdowne Ave., Westmount.

Merrill, P., 529 Lansdowne Ave., Westmount.  
Moffatt, F., 57 Elkins Ave., East Sherbrooke, Que.  
Moncel, R., 47 Rosemount Avenue, Westmount.  
Moore, L., 478 Waterloo Street, London, Ont.  
Morrissey, J., 3275 Cedar Avenue, Westmount.  
Muir, J., 480 Grosvenor Ave., Westmount.

New, M., 26 Mapleside Ave., Hamilton, Ont.  
Newcombe, E., 585 Acacia Ave., Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa.

Olive, B., Canadian Celanese Ltd., Drummondville, Que.

Partridge, E., 165 Edgehill Road, Westmount.  
Partridge, G., 165 Edhegill Road, Westmount.  
Paterson, M., 324 Tillow Avenue, South Orange, N.J.  
Payan, K., 309 Girouard St., St. Hyacinthe, Que.  
Pease, R., 76 Nelson St., Brantford, Ontario.  
Peck, B., Apt. 36, Rosemount Apts., Rosemount Ave., Westmount.  
Pepler, L., 95 Wellesley St., Toronto.  
Phillipps, L., 657 Wellington Crescent, Winnipeg.

Rea, M. C., 1529 MacGregor Street, Montreal.  
Reid, B., 113 Maple Ave., Shawinigan Falls, Que.  
Renouf, M., Grand River, Gaspé Co., Que.  
Richmond, J., Bayswater, Far Rockaway, Long Island.  
Ritchie, A., 693 Notre Dame St., Three Rivers, Que.  
Russell, E., Matane, Que.

Schwartz, D., 271 Oriole Parkway, Toronto, Ont.  
Sherwood, P., 1 Crescent Rd., Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa.  
Spafford, J., 1416 Powell Street, Norristown, Pa.  
Strong, E., 496 Wood Avenue, Westmount.  
Struthers, B., 1414 Drummond St., Montreal.

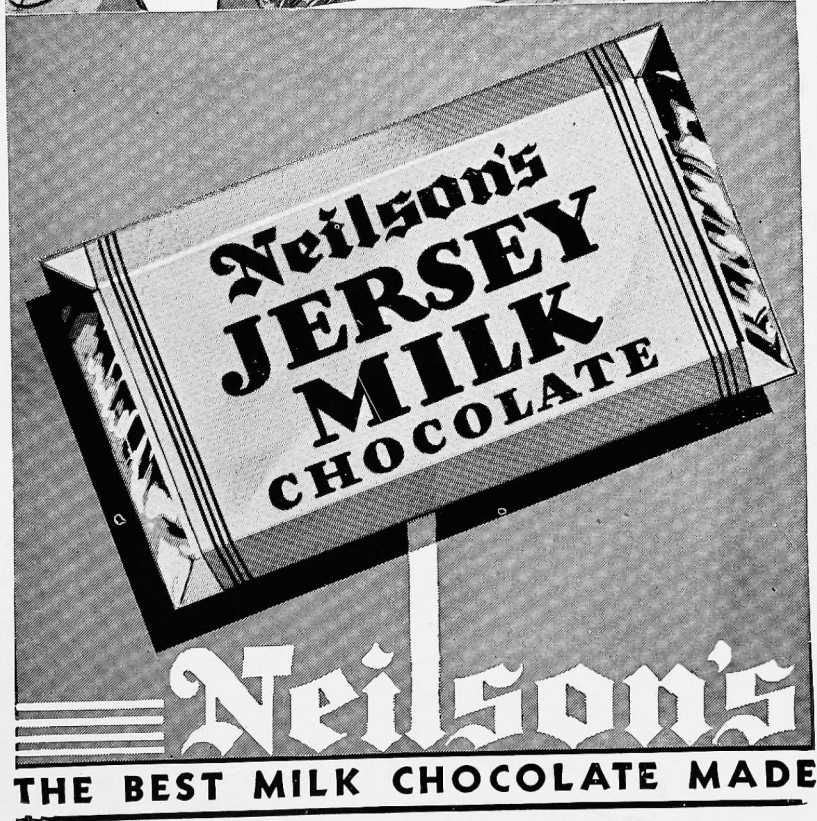
Thomson, F., 28 Learmouth Ave., Que.  
Toller, J., 62 Powell Avenue, Ottawa.  
Turney, M., 240 Clemow Ave., Ottawa.

Warburton, M., 28 Windsor Ave., Montreal.  
Ward, M., 25 Belvidere St., Lennoxville, Que.  
Whitehead, A., 12 Forden Ave., Westmount.  
Whitehead, M., 12 Forden Ave., Westmount.  
Wigle, A., 194 Park St. South, Hamilton, Ont.  
Wilkes, B., 2062 Vendome Ave., Montreal.  
Wilson, B., 139 Maple Ave., Shawinigan Falls, Que.

## STAFF

Brewer, Miss B., St. Michael's, Bergerville, Que.  
Briggs, Miss E., King's Hall, Compton, Que.  
DeWitt, Miss M., Maplewood, Wolfville, N.S.  
Gould, Mrs. S., The Studio, 6 Crescent Road, Toronto.  
Huntley, Miss R. E., King's Hall, Compton, Que.  
Jones, Miss E., Bedford, Que.  
Keyzer, Miss G., 148 Elmwood Road, Swampscott, Mass.  
L'Hôte, Madame, Main Street, Lennoxville, Que.  
Lindsay, Miss A., Glasleck, Sherecock, Co. Cavan, Ireland.  
Masten, Miss L., Lacolle, Que.  
Masten, Miss M., Lacolle, Que.  
MacCallum, Miss M., King's Hall, Compton, Que.  
Rootham, Miss C., Wyndhurst, Barnstaple, N. Devon, England.  
Sampson, Miss V. D., Sidbury, Sidmouth, England.  
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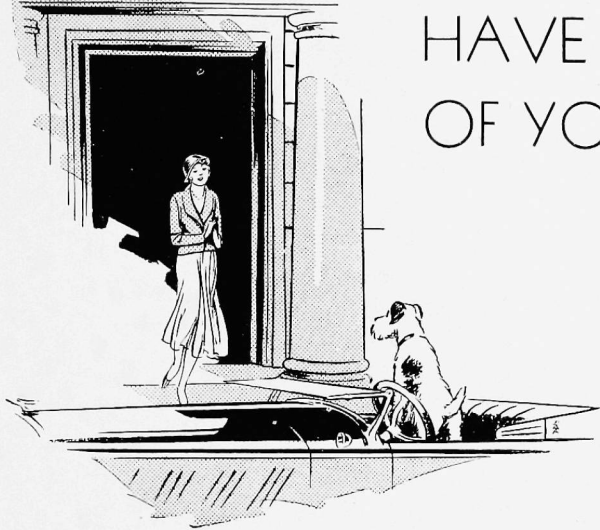
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